

The TATLER

Vol. CXVII. No. 1525.

London, September 17, 1930

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The TATLER

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POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4½d.

Price One Shilling



Edmund Harrington

MADAME ROSA PONSELLE

The young Italian soprano, for whom and for Madame Minghini Cattaneo, the mezzo, Bellini's difficult opera, "Norma," was revived at Covent Garden during this year's Italian season. Madame Ponselle, whose beautiful voice won her an unstinted tribute from the Covent Garden audiences, sang "Norma" last year also, and then proved her capacity to cope with the far from easy music

The Letters



THE COUNT AND COUNTESS
DE LUBERSAC

At Sir Kay and Lady Muir's house-party for their shoot at Achray, Perthshire, last week, where all the other snapshots in this page were also taken

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
PRESUMABLY, my dear, you will expect details of doings on the Town Moor to take precedence over other matters this week, so I will give you my impressions without further preamble. Doncaster started as dispiritingly as it possibly could, with a morning in which one could just see the rain falling out of a thick enveloping mist. So I was not surprised to find the stands very thinly populated when I arrived at the course, and the women for the most part enveloped in mackintoshes. These remained in evidence even when the weather finally decided not to rain any more, which was all that could possibly be said about it.

The most cheering sight was Lady Chesham, who was a vision in sealing-wax red. No one else stood out so vividly, for the waterproof uniform of nearly everyone covered neat suits of tweeds in various subdued shades of brown and blue and red. These were worn with close-fitting little tweed hats of the same material swathed round the forehead and caught cunningly together over one ear.

* * *

It is nearly always the same people who contrive to catch the eye by their general smartness at race meetings. So I will say, once again, that Lady Carnarvon was another who looked well in reddish-brown tweed, and very good leather



CAPTAIN FITZALAN HOWARD
AND MADAME GUEPIN

Another snapshot on the Achray Moor at Sir Kay and Lady Muir's shoot. Madame Guepin is Lady Muir's sister



LADY MUIR AND H. E.
M. DRESSELHUYS

Lady Muir was formerly Miss Nadéjda Stancioff, and is the daughter of the former Bulgarian Ambassador to London. M. Dresselhuys is the Liberian Minister



HON. MRS. FITZALAN HOWARD AND
CAPTAIN EDMONSTONE, M.F.H.

Captain A. C. Edmonstone is the Joint Master with Sir Harold Werner of the Fernie Hounds, which have never been much more prosperous than they are now. The prospects for the coming season are rated first-class

Photographs by Arthur Owen

coats were worn by Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who had a black one, and Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, hers being a deep plum-bago-blue. Lady Allerton looked very attractive I thought. She knows a good deal about horses, and I believe had a most satisfactory day.

Young Mrs. Charles Fitzroy was another pleasing sight all in red. Her husband has just taken on the Joint Mastership of the Grove with Sir Albert Bingham, and I hear that his parents, Lord and Lady Southampton, are now looking for a house in the Grove country so as to be near at hand.

* * *

Lord Westmorland, Lady Cambridge, Lady Douro, and Lady Wharncliffe were a few others whom I encountered on Tuesday, besides Princess Mary and her host, Lord Lonsdale. His party must have returned home in very good spirits after the first day, with a winner both for himself and for Lord Harewood. But the general feeling afterwards in the sale paddocks seemed to be one of gloom, if the extremely slow and lifeless bidding was any reflection of it. That may have been caused by atmospheric rather than financial depression, for by then the rain had started again in earnest.

Things brisked up a little when Lady James Douglas' lot from Harewood came up, but the only one to fetch any price was the Coronach filly out of Maid of

Bath, and, later on, Captain Moore's Colorado filly out of Judea. I fancy the big people were waiting for the lots sent up from Sledmere and Lord Furness' stud, or the lovely Spion Kop colt from Mr. Sullivan's stud in Ireland.

Mr. Gerald Deane did the business in his usual efficient way, and among those to be seen bidding and looking on were Lord Rosebery, Lady Rachel Howard, the George Lambtons and Colonel Burns-Hartopp, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Matthews, who have a lovely place near Sheffield, and Lord Stanley with Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford. For this function anyone who is anybody, among the male population, makes a point of wearing a check cap as closely resembling a stable-boy's as possible.

* * *

St. Leger Day fulfilled early promise of glorious weather, despite very threatening clouds which appeared at lunch-time. So the people who risked their new clothes were rewarded. Two tall blue-clad figures in the paddock turned out to be Mrs. Hubert Loder and Lady Lettice Cottrell—a bride of the year—who was talking to Sir Gordon Carter, and some of the other members of Lady Fitzwilliam's big house-party of thirty-seven from Wentworth.

Lord Glanely looked very optimistic in the paddock before the big race, and one heard on all sides how confident he was about winning, a confidence which happened—as it so rarely is with owners—to be justified. Lady Warrender was decorative in a greeny tweed mixture, and so were Mrs. Toby Barnes, all in grey, and Mrs. Gilbert Greenall, whose selection was brick-coloured tweed. The last impression I had before leaving was of Lady Curzon of Kedleston, garbed in a pale strawberry suit, rushing into the paddock to greet her winning Arctic Star.



IN ARGYLLSHIRE

King George and Queen Elizabeth of Greece at the Argyllshire Gathering which filled Oban to overflowing for two days last week. This fixture, which dates from 1871, opened in fine weather, the usual county balls taking place each evening. Queen Elizabeth of Greece is the eldest daughter of Queen Marie of Roumania

Early in September is, I suppose, as good a time to be married as any other, but owing to so many Scotch and country attractions a lot of Miss Jean Garland's friends had to forego the pleasure of seeing her off when she became Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham. I among them, but my private sleuth reports that it would have been impossible to improve on her appearance. Very tall and slim, she gave an admirable demonstration of the newest lines for wedding garments, her white chiffon frock having a train all in one with the skirt, in the latest manner.

Warwickshire naturally was well represented in the congregation and Gloucestershire too, these being the native counties of the leading lights. Few of Mr. Smith-Bingham's brother officers were able to be there, as his regiment is actively engaged in India.

The general impression at the reception at Claridge's was that everyone was very tall. This sweeping statement is substantiated by the mention of, first, Mrs. Jackie de Pret,



THE CHIEF SCOUT'S CHILDREN

The Hon. Peter and the Hon. Betty Baden-Powell were interested spectators when Lord Baden-Powell was presented with the Freedom of Canterbury at the City Hall. This imposing ceremony was followed by a great rally of Kentish Scouts and Guides at which the Chief Scout took the salute

the bride's sister; then Mrs. Guy Bainbridge with a well-grown daughter; Miss Viola Ismay, who is going to be married herself next month, is over the average height; and Mrs. Geoffrey Pease's stature luckily kept her face in view, for it is one of the prettiest possible. Mrs. Alan Spencer had a bridesmaid daughter, and Miss Joan Fielden is a well-known figure in the Warwickshire Hunt for those quick and brave enough to see the way she goes.

Brioni had been chosen for the honeymoon, but plans had to be hastily altered, the reason being an injury to Mr. Smith-Bingham's leg sustained at polo some time ago. Just before the wedding it began to give serious trouble and as a result treatment in London has been ordered.

(Continued on p. 518)



AT THE OPENING OF A NEW AERODROME

Miss Slade, Miss Harriet Cohen (the famous pianist), Miss Leathart, and the King's Cup winner, Miss Winifred Brown, at Ratcliffe Aerodrome, which was recently opened by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker. The Leicestershire Aero Club's pageant was a feature of the day

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued



AT TOTNES STEEPELCHASES

Mr. and Mrs. Hadow and Mrs. Charles Law on the second day of the jumping meeting at Totnes last week. Steeplechases and hurdle-races about equally divided the card at this pleasant little South Devon meeting.

signs insist on divergencies which do not make for the punctual keeping of appointments. The general feeling seems to be one of depression, and the results of the International polo matches are rather spirit-damping, except for those tiresome people who enjoy the practice of saying "I told you so."

Favourite haunts brought little comfort last week. The Embassy remains closed for the present, Claridge's is bewailing the departure of Charles, who left there ten days ago and is now enjoying a holiday at Biarritz, and most of the others are empty, while *le monde s'amuse* at Doncaster and in Scotland.

* * * *

A few familiar faces however crossed my line of vision before I went up for the last of the classics. Lady Lavery is always a stimulating spectacle, with her wonderful looks and colour scheme. She had just come back from Marienbad with Sir John, who had been doing a cure out there. I always admire the determination with which some people pursue a rigorous three-weeks' curative course to the bitter end. So many who go to Aix les Bains, for instance, merely play at it. But there are certainly distractions at Aix, with its atmosphere of gaiety, its golf and tennis, and of course its Casino.

In connection with cures I have been told that Acqui is a well-making centre which deserves to be better known, for no devastatingly distasteful waters have to be imbibed there. Sufferers from aches and pains merely take up a recumbent position in hot, soothing mud which Nature has herself treated with radium, and distressing disabilities depart in high dudgeon.

* * * *

Another person discerned in London was Lady Bingham, a very *affairée* with the autumn's fashionable intelligence. She has now added antique furniture to her modern "wears," and if further proof of her artistic eye were needed, this new enterprise discloses it.

Since Mr. Snowden established himself as a universal provider of overdrafts it has been interesting to see the diverse methods by which people attempt to add to their shingled

Of other September activities in London there is nothing very noteworthy to record except that a new night club has been opened in Soho Square by a well-known Russian singer. The negotiating of earthworks in the main streets still remains a problem, and large yellow loop-way

incomes. I believe any number of women owning large houses and impressive cars applied for jobs at the big new store which is just opening in Oxford Street.

There are instances, however, of a more optimistic outlook. Mrs. Raymond Boileau, whom I met the other day, told me she had just returned from staying with Mrs. Geoffrey White in the New Forest, and that Mrs. White, refusing to take the general gloomy view of the financial situation, is building a most charming house down there. It is close to the shore at Beaulieu, with a garden wandering down to the sea, and its owner has been spending the last six weeks or so in a nearby cottage, enthusiastically supervising architectural operations. Her husband, General White, is a very active whip, in the non-political sense, and enjoys the old-fashioned coaching method of progression, which modern traffic has converted into one of the more dangerous sports.

* * * *

Two recently announced engagements will cause much interest but very little surprise to the friends of the conspirators. Miss Angela Larnach-Nevill is one of the ladies concerned, and

Mr. Mark Milbank must be especially congratulated on the acquisition of such an ornamental fiancée. In spite of enormous admiration ever since she came out, when no one dreamt of disagreeing with her selection for first prize débâstante of the year, Miss Nevill is entirely unspoilt. She much prefers country life to the hubbub of London, and follows the Eridge hounds with much zeal, her father, Major Larnach-Nevill, being Joint Master of the pack.

Lady Carmichael-Anstruther and Mr. John Follett are also to be married. She is a charming person with the most delightful nose, which turns up in a way that I find quite irresistible. Being dark she is a complete contrast to Mrs. Cochrane-Baillie, their only mutual possession being great ability to please the eye. Her sister is very fair and small, with a wonderful skin, and the reputation of being one of the best bridge players in London.

* * * *

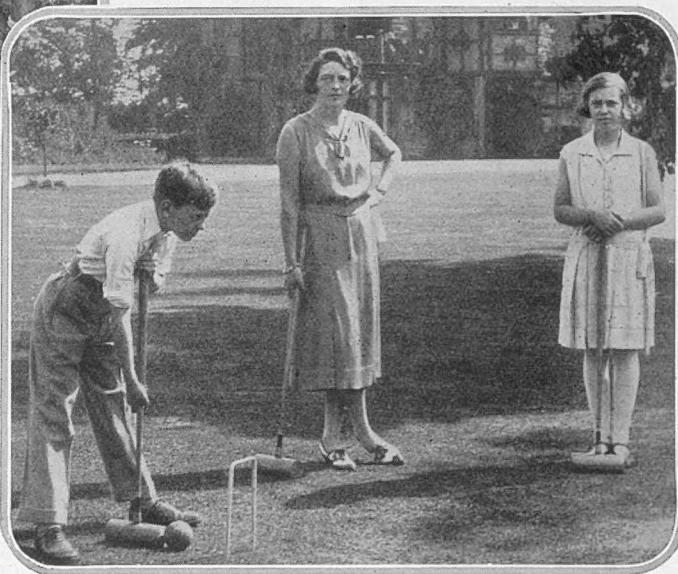
The autumn engagement list, having opened early, is already quite long. Lady Beatrix Cadogan and Mr. Rennie Hoare are other important and good-looking features of it. I don't know what particular activities Lord and Lady Cadogan's daughter is prone to, but she certainly excels in looking nice. The Hoare family are remarkably athletic, and a St. Moritz winter is not complete without this prospective bridegroom, his brother, and their sister, Mrs. Lionel Frisby. There they consistently swoop down soul-sickening slopes to the despairing envy of the tangle-toed.

Not content with having built a house at Angmering-on-Sea, Mr. and Lady Geraldine Hoare also have a villa on Lake Como, where lots of guests have visited them this summer.

* * * *

As regards the first night of *Frederica* at the Palace Theatre, I hear that contests at Twickenham were suggested by the surge in the gangways during the intervals, and one participant was heard to mutter abstractedly, "Feet, feet, feet," as he struggled to the foyer for a cigarette. However there was no doubt as to the enthusiasm of the audience, and many complimentary comments in the American language were to be heard.

Noticeable in the stalls was Mrs. Hislop, the splendid-looking Swedish wife of Joseph Hislop, who was enjoying Franz Lehár's music and her husband's big share of the general applause. She had her two little girls with her, nicely dressed in green. The Hislops are great friends of Lea Seidl, the more than charming Viennese leading lady, whose tears, at one period, were just as real as those she drew from many onlookers.—Ever, EVE.



AT LYNDEN MANOR, MAIDENHEAD: LADY MILFORD HAVEN AND HER CHILDREN

Lady Milford Haven is the younger of the two beautiful daughters of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess de Torby. She was the Countess Nada de Torby when she married the Marquess of Milord Haven in 1916. Her elder sister is Lady Zia Wernher. The two children are Lord Medina and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten.

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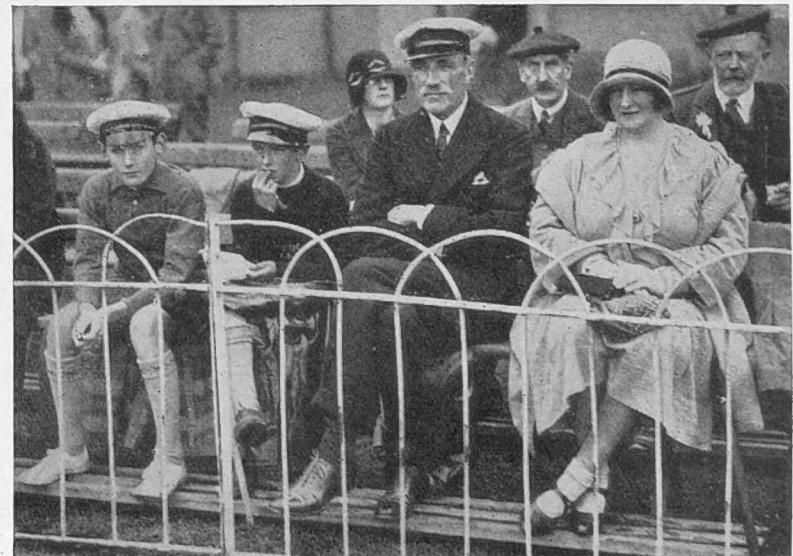
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LORD AND LADY SCONE AND
(centre) MR. ALASTAIR ANDERSONArthur Owen
A CHEERFUL
GATHERING

LAIRDS AND LADIES AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING AT OBAN

Arthur Owen
MR. ANDERSON, MR. DRUMMOND-MORAY,
AND THE HON. DIANA SKEFFINGTONIan Smith
SEATING FIVE

Miss Georgia Pelham-Clinton, Miss Helena Perrott, Lady Perrott's younger daughter, Miss Chandos-Pole-Gell, Mr. Alan Campbell, and Miss Margaret Campbell of Stonefield in position for watching the Games. Miss Pelham-Clinton is a kinswoman of the Duke of Newcastle, and Miss Diana Skeffington (see left) is Lord and Lady Massereene's only daughter. Sir Gervase and Lady Marjorie Beckett arrived at Oban for the Argyllshire Gathering in their yacht, "Romany Rye."

SIR GERVAZE AND LADY MARJORIE BECKETT WITH THEIR
SON, MARTYN GERVAZE BECKETT, AND TONY CRAWSHAW

The Cinema :

By JAMES AGATE
Three Films

ENTERING the Capitol the other evening in the full middle of a film I was struck by an unusual pleasantness the reason of which it took me quite five minutes to determine. I then discovered that the film was silent! As the film progressed the golden quality of silence became more and more apparent, since the lady's emotional situation must have confounded the general ear with speech even more horrid than usual. Only the extremes of vocalization could have done justice to the feelings of a lady immured in the cabin of a man-of-war, and simultaneously wife to the Captain, pursued by the First Officer, and enamoured of the Second. To these throes was added the knowledge that the man-of-war in question was engaged in giving battle to a German cruiser which had appeared off Toulon about dinner-time, having presumably made the voyage from Kiel over land. I trust this is an accurate description of the plot, though I frankly admit to having encountered it amidships, as it were. In the event the Second Officer shot the First, after which he went on deck to receive a broadside from the German warship. After this the German boat obligingly turned turtle, Miss Billie Dove emerging from the cabin threw her arms round the Captain's neck, and that ruffian signified that he would understand, forgive, interview the Wide Open Spaces, retire to Auteuil, or do whatever it is that French generosity achieves. The immediately succeeding Mickey Mouse cartoon, an epic of the Fire Brigade, at once restored us to a saner and more probable world. Then came the main picture of the evening, a picture which appeared to me to be made up of pieces discarded from better-known films. The scene was the African desert, and the *milieu* the Foreign Legion, which legion appeared to consist entirely of Americans with the exception of one Bert, a Cockney. Of the Americans one was called Mac and another Griff, and both were in love with the same girl, Marie, who was what is euphemistically known as a cabaret-dancer. I shall omit any description of the ensuing fisticuffs and all that "ses you, ses me" business which has now become so tedious. The

story proper begins at the moment when, in the course of an Arab rising—do Arabs ever do anything else?—Mac gets shot in the back by a Riff and thinks it is Griff, who is walking behind him. Mac falls senseless, whereupon Griff carries his friend back to the oasis, strikes the sergeant who would forbid this act of devotion, and as a reward for both feats gets allotted ten years in Hell's Island. To the considerable chagrin of Marie, who now knows on which side her sentimental bread is buttered, they will not permit her to follow Griff to Hell's Island; so it behoves this damsel to find her own way there, which she does in the following manner. First she discovers that members of the Foreign Legion are allowed to serve their last two years as warders in Hell's Island. Then she seeks out Mac in hospital, persuades him to apply for a wardership, and marries him. Arrived at Hell's Island, Mac tumbles, as they say, and accuses Marie of having married him on purpose to be near the other fellow. To this Marie says more or less simply: "The facts are as you allege. Love is like that." At the talismanic phrase a ripple went through the audience, and hundreds of charming little heads fell on the shoulders of the young gentlemen who were taking them out for the evening. It was generally accepted, one felt, that love should be like that, there being no inkling among the feminine

portion of the audience that Marie had not behaved with an exaggerated niceness. Mac now rises to heights of quixotism and arranges for Griff to escape through the jungle while his wife goes to meet him in a motor-launch which she had apparently learned to manipulate in that far-away desert brothel. The reader sees what is coming. *The escape is a fictitious one.* At the right moment the guards will be aroused and Griff will be shot with the same bullet with which he shot Mac. At the last moment Mac perceives that the bullet could only have come from a Riff rifle. Whereupon there is a holocaust of magnanimities. Griff takes off his shirt, plunges into the sea, and makes for Portugal, in which country the arrival of a half-naked American convict and a bejewelled French trollop would probably cause no comment! Mac, for no reason deducible in Hollywood, Bedlam, or even Broadmoor, now puts on Griff's shirt, whereby he is promptly riddled by the bullets of the pursuing guard; after which the curtains draw together and the Capitol organist plays "God Save the King" in a flood of light the exact colour of lemon-pudding.

The point I want to make is that any film which is based upon a staggering improbability should be staggeringly good in every other respect. Just good is not enough. I take it that no woman would marry Peter to be near Paul well knowing that the moment the conjunction is effected Peter will do Paul in! A film with so improbable a subject can only be redeemed by having as producers Mr. Cecil B. de Mille piled upon Mr. D. W. Griffith, the twain advised by all the Warner Brothers there are, and the whole directed by the Metro-Goldwyn lion. In the case of the film which I have just analysed, called by the way *Hell's Island*, I should have thought that anything less than the complete overwhelming and obliteration of the reasoning faculty would not have done. But I freely and frankly admit that the audience disagreed with me, and disagreed profoundly. I watched that audience coming out and was at once struck by the fact that it was obviously not composed of typists and invoice-clerks, nursemaids and butcher-boys, but of

grown-up and wide-awake men and women of the world. The general opinion appeared to be that the film was absurd, but that the cinema was the fit and proper place for absurdity. In fact I gathered that that night's audience had gone to the cinema to escape from reason just as theatre-audiences are always supposed to go to the play to get away from life. I often wonder when the critics of the sister arts will realize that the whole of their activities are devoted to pulling against the public taste. A few evenings ago I went to see Mr. Harold Lloyd in his first talkie, *Welcome Danger*. It so happens that I am a great admirer of Mr. Lloyd, the whole essence of whose genius has hitherto been to keep the preposterous in touch with the probable. In a world entirely lunatic no one thing is odder than any other. Whence it follows that in a world of screaming absurdity, the absurd has ceased to exist. *Welcome Danger* is long and diffuse, and Mr. Lloyd in throwing off all his restraint in this film thereby loses all his quality. At least I can offer no other explanation why this film should have so completely bored me. But once again and in all fairness I chronicle the fact that to other members of the audience it seemed the *ne plus ultra* of desirability.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxviii

LEGER DAY AT DONCASTER



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND LADY DONATIA
GETHING



THE HON. CHARLES AND
MRS. WINN



LADY HINDLIP AND MR. HENRY
MILNER



LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM AND
SIR ANTHONY WELDON



MRS. SYKES AND LORD AND
LADY ALLERTON



LADY WHARNCLIFFE AND CAPTAIN
G. P. PHILIPPS

When the two favourites run first and second and make a real good honest fight of it, the result of most races is bound to be popular. It was so in the case of this year's St. Leger, for the public money was probably very evenly distributed between Lord Glanely's Singapore, who won by one-and-a-half lengths, and Lord Woolavington's Parenthesis. The crowd was enormous, and the Doncaster Corporation's estimate that about £1,000,000 was spent in the town during the Leger week is considered to be a conservative one. All sporting Yorkshire and the rest of the world were there, and with fair weather and good going everything combined to make a success. Of those in these pictures—Lady Donatia Gething, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, and Lady Wharncliffe are sisters, the daughters of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, and Captain G. P. Philipps, who is with Lady Wharncliffe, married the fourth sister, Lady Marjorie Fitzwilliam as was. The Hon. Charles Winn, who is with Mrs. Winn, is a son of the Muhammadan peer, Lord Headley. Lady Hindlip is a daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Thynne, who was a kinsman of the Marquess of Bath, and Lady Allerton, who like her husband is Yorkshire, is a daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Hatfield of Thorp Arch Hall, Boston, Yorkshire, where Lord and Lady Allerton live.

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

THE morning of the first day of Doncaster was a cheerless beginning to a meeting, and the attendance at the sale paddocks was small. With no roof round the ring it is a slow and dreary performance on a wet day listening to Mr. Tattersall intoning with the monotonous rhythm of a curate reading the Litany, the only bright spot being when some yearling gets loose and goes up and down the paddock like a hurricane. Money is said to be tighter than ever, and we may infer that it is so from the fact that Lord Derby is reducing his establishment, and Lord Furness who has headed the average so often at these sales is selling his stud. Major and Mrs. Huntington, in the jumping line of business, are also cutting down their string to a minimum, partly for this reason and partly due to the retirement of their trainer, Mr. Fred Withington, one of the most popular men racing.

Money seems, however, to be forthcoming for the right animals, and Lord Glanely finds it hard to go to the paddocks without buying something. The first day's racing was not very interesting beyond the Champagne Stakes won by Portlaw for Sir Abe Bailey. This race should have been won far more easily, and was nearly thrown away by Harry Beasley, who took the whole matter far too confidently and nearly had the race stolen off him by Michael Beary on Turtle Soup. The form of this race makes Atbara out nearly, if not quite, the best two-year-old, it being a toss up between her, Portlaw, and Goyescas.

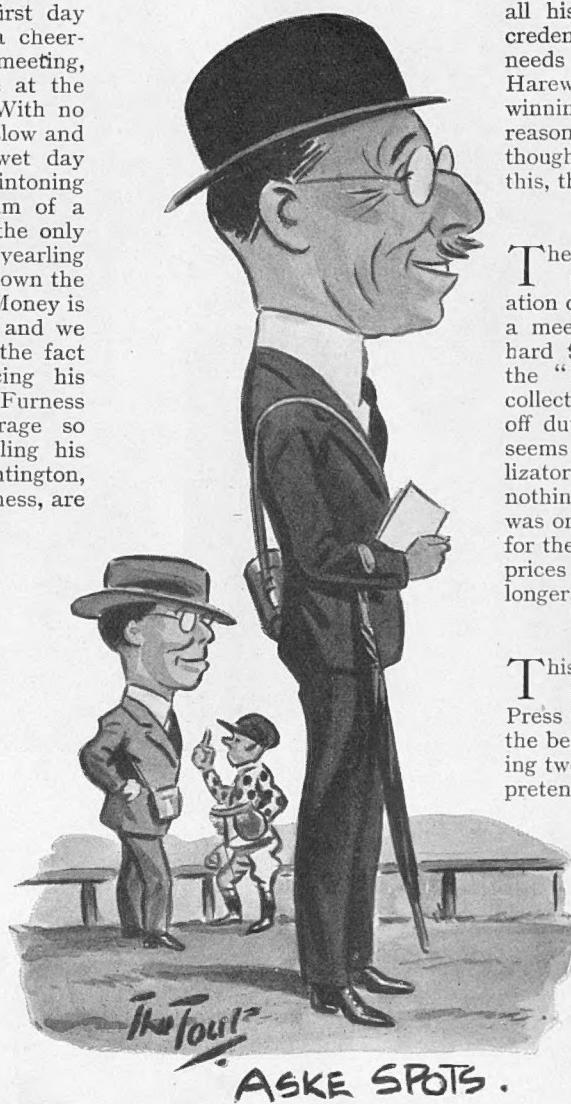
The weather for the Leger Day itself was perfect, and the crowd vast. The totalizator has not as yet been installed for two reasons—the expensive failure on other race-courses, and the fact that the home for the mentally deficient at the back of the course would have to be pulled down to make room for the buildings. As it must be from this home that the oldest inhabitants are borrowed and dressed in policemen's uniform in order to disorganize the traffic in a way that is unequalled anywhere else in England, this dépôt cannot be disturbed.

The field for the big race must surely have been far and away the worst on record, a truly deplorable lot of horses to run for such a valuable and classic race. Lord Glanely is having a wonderful and well-deserved season, and his horse not only scored a clean-cut victory but will make up into an even better horse next year. Parenthesis looked a picture but he is only a little 'un, and the third favourite, Rameses, is more like a farmer's point-to-point horse for quality. There was very little bad luck in running with the exception of Christopher Robin, who had a rough trip, and the race can be taken at its face value. Banned won the Bradgate Park Nursery in a trot which he was entitled to do on his gallop, which was apparently so good that the connections couldn't believe it before he ran and won at Birmingham so easily. On the running of Alexis who was second, Maid of the Marches was soundly backed to win the Tattersall Sale Stakes, but her brilliant speed is not equalled by her stamina, and she faded out in the last half-furlong. The Rufford Abbey was won fairly comfortably by Arctic Star, who with 8 st. 7 lb. must have quite a chance of repeating his Cesarewitch performance of two years ago if he is not over-raced before it, but so great is the dearth of stayers in England that, with

all his weight, Brown Jack looks to have the best credentials on public form, even though it generally needs a super-horse to win under this burden. Lord Harewood was given a nice birthday present by Alcester winning on the first day for him, and he has a very reasonable chance of winning the Cambridgeshire, though Fred Darling would seem to have the key to this, the hardest race of the year to win.

There seemed to be a paucity of bookmakers in Tattersalls at this meeting, but whether this was imagination or whether bad times have driven them to abandon a meeting which generally shows them a good loss it is hard to say. Only a very few leant over the rails into the "ladies' stand" where all the beauty and fashion collect, and a good many of the bigger operators were off duty too, in Tattersalls itself. The whole of racing seems to be feeling the draught, and the cure-all totalizator on its present lines seems to be capable of doing nothing to stimulate or assist. The meeting last year was only able to provide £3,000 as a set-off to the rates for the town, as against a general £8,000, and the fabulous prices for houses and lodgings won't be paid much longer, nor the exorbitant charges for admission.

This finishes the classic races for the year, the best two three-year-olds not having taken part in them, Press Gang and The Recorder, and probably the latter is the better of the two. Unless it be Portlaw no outstanding two-year-old has appeared, and nothing of any classic pretensions.



AT DONCASTER: LORD ZETLAND AND
LORD GEORGE DUNDAS

Lord Zetland, who is a Steward of the Jockey Club, trains with his brother at Newmarket. He is an ex-Governor of Bengal, and probably finds racing far more amusing—and safer



MR. RICHARD AND LADY LETTICE
COTTERELL

Another Leger Day picture. Mr. Cotterell is the son and heir of Sir John Cotterell, Bart., and the late Lady Evelyn Cotterell, and married Lady Lettice Lygon last June. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Beauchamp,

THE COLONIAL DINNER



AMONGST THOSE PRESENT—BY FRED MAY

The British Empire League Dinner at the British Empire Club embraced all those who represented our Colonies, Protectorates, and Mandated Territories who attended the Colonial Conference. Lord Stradbroke, who was Governor of Victoria, Australia, from 1920 to 1926, was in the chair, and other distinguished Governors, ex-Governors, and Viceroys of the outposts of our Empire were present in the persons of Lord Reading, ex-Viceroy of India; Sir Herbert Reid, ex-Governor of Mauritius; Sir William Gowers, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Uganda; and Sir W. C. Fleming Robertson, who has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Barbados since 1925



MISS TANIS GUINNESS

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, whose engagement to the Hon. Drogo Montagu was announced recently. Miss Guinness' elder sister, who was Miss Meraud Guinness, married Señor Alvaro Guevara.

Photographs by Lenarc
THE HON. DROGO MONTAGU

The younger son of the Earl of Sandwich, who is engaged to Miss Tanis Guinness. His elder brother is Lord Hinchingbrooke

A Real Tragedy of the War.

SOMETIMES the War years seem unbelievable. Did one really live through months when motor-cars carried gas-bags on their roofs? Was one really more consistently polite to one's grocer than ever one would have been to a duke—unless, peradventure, he had offered us his sugar ration? Did we ever believe any tarradiddle we were told if only it had to do with spies and Russian armies and the military bulletins? Did we really feel as if we had done something towards saving England by refusing to listen to German music? Did the dachshund breed of dogs really vanish immediately on the wave of our patriotic disapproval? Were so many cranks and bores and stupid old women, male and female, let loose upon the world without let or hindrance? Did we really talk about and believe in Lloyd George's New Earth and that the War was a war to end all wars? Was every man in khaki indeed a hero once upon a time who now wanders disconsolate and neglected among the unemployed? Did the classes ever fraternize as they never fraternized before, nor have done so since? Were we often so divinely heroic and almost equally often so sublimely silly? It all seems difficult to believe. As if it were part of a previous existence and had little to do with this one. Such a novel as Henrietta Leslie's "Mrs. Fischer's War" (Jarrold. 7s. 6d.) brought the tragedy and the farce, the divinity as well as the idiocy of it, all back to me with moving vividness. She has taken as her theme one of the greatest tragedies of the War, all the greater because at the time nobody realized it, nobody sympathized with it, nobody understood it, and almost everyone reviled the circumstances which made life for its victims so lonely and so desparate. Briefly, it is the interesting story of an Englishwoman married to a German and devoted to him. So silly were we during the War, however, that most people expected the devoted English wife of a German to turn against her husband immediately, leave him, or denounce him for the spy which we were convinced he probably was—being a German. But Janet Fischer adored her German husband. He had lived in England since boyhood, loved England more than his own country, but, alas! had neglected to take out papers of naturalization. They had one son, John. The War was declared while Janet and her husband were spending a holiday in Germany, visiting the places where Carl Fischer had spent his childhood. It was the first time he had ever been back. Hostilities took them unawares. It was touch-and-go if either of them would be able to get back to England. Meanwhile Carl saw his country bravely putting up a fight against what looked like overwhelming odds. Russia, France, Belgium against Germany. And then England—the final catastrophe. In that

brief journey towards the Dutch frontier his mind was tormented. Germany was his Fatherland after all, though his heart was in England. It seemed as if she must be destroyed, unless every single one of her sons came to her aid. Should he throw in his lot with what looked to him to be the weaker side? Or should he desert her? He gave himself to the Fatherland. In the confusion at the frontier he left his wife to return to England alone. There followed for poor Janet the tragedy of being an enemy alien in her own country.

The greater tragedy of her only son joining the British Army with the possibility that he might kill or be killed by his own father. Her tribulations did not end here, of course. People expected her to renounce her husband, the husband she loved. The world cold-shouldered her, suspecting even her of being a spy. If she tried to work in hospitals, or perform other war-work, the moment people discovered that there was a "c" in her surname, with all its significance, they demanded her resignation. She hadn't a friend. Even her son was "lost" to her in his hatred of Germany, which included, for patriotic motives, his own father as well. With most of her fortune gone, deserted by her friends, poor Janet had at last to flee into the country with her old faithful servant to live the life of a recluse. Then came the Armistice and the return of her husband to England—crippled and blinded. Henceforth she had only him, and he had only her. As Germans, even the vicar walked on the other side of the road when he happened to meet them. It is a poignant and very real tragedy of the War which Miss Leslie has given us. It is not written as propaganda, and yet it is propaganda all the same. Propaganda for tolerance, understanding, sympathy, and vision even in patriotic fervour. Mr. John

Galsworthy has highly praised this novel, and what he has said of it is true. It is deeply impressive in the most moving sense. Only some far-fetched coincidences mars its excellence.

The Rhine and the Black Forest.

One of the most disturbing bits of wisdom which peace has taught us, however, is the subtle realization that England and Germany are far more psychologically akin than ever England has been or ever will be to France. Leaving out the Prussians and the Junker spirit (which, however, is not far removed from Jingoism after all), our own outlook on life and the aspects of life which really matter are far nearer to the German ideal than ever they can be to that of the Latin nations. History is teaching us, as it has taught us before, that the French are only the firmest and most devoted of allies when they are getting the best of the bargain—and *know it*. The contentment of going fifty-fifty in international affairs is not a Gallic virtue as a rule. And thus it is that everywhere one goes one meets travellers who, after visiting France and Germany, have come back entranced by the greater kindness, the greater friendliness they have received in the latter country by comparison with the former. It makes travelling in Germany at the present time a joy that would have been thought impossible ten years ago. And what a lovely and interesting and, so to speak, intellectual country it is to visit. And another virtue, especially in these days, how cheap! Louis Untermeyer's delightful book, "Blue Rhine and Black Forest" (Harrap. 7s. 6d.) proves all this conclusively. The word indispensable is easy to write and mostly meaningless when applied to guide-books. But if you are intending to make a tour down the Rhine and into the Black Forest I am convinced there is no better guide than this, especially if you have never done the trip before. His book takes us stage by stage on the journey, starting from Brussels. A brief sojourn at Cologne, then forward to Bonn, Coblenz, Mainz, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, further down the Rhine until, arriving at Herrenalb, we start a walking tour through the Black Forest as far as Baden-Baden. Mr. Untermeyer has the happy knack of making everything seem picturesque and interesting. The castles, the old villages and towns, the legends, all are, as it were, grist to

(Continued on p. 526)

CLINCHING! By George Belcher



He: Can you tell me if Mrs. Smith is still living here?

She: Mrs. Smith has been dead this six months—yus—and buried!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

his delightful pictures. If his book (which incidentally is beautifully illustrated and replete with maps, a glossary of common words and, finally, a Black Forest anthology) does not make your next holiday abroad something in the manner of following his footsteps, I can only conclude that your heart never battles with *wanderlust* nor starves for the sight of lovely legend-haunted places wherein live a very pleasant people.

* * *

The True and the Untrue.

Alone with the rocks and cliffs, the moors, the flowers, and the animal and bird life of a West Country coast, Mr. Henry Williamson's volume, "The Village Book" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), is enchanting. When, however, half-way through the book we begin to read the second portion entitled "The Spirit of the Village," we soon realize that as a chronicler of village life, of village people, of rural character and ideals, Mr. Williamson is totally blind to any aspect of the truth except in those few rare and isolated cases which, alas! are common to humanity anywhere. So he gives us descriptions of cruelty, malice, drunkenness, and incredible silliness under a guise of a study of village life and village people. I don't know if Mr. Williamson was born and bred in a village, or if he merely sojourns in rural places as a kind of literary "detective" from London with one eye on the reading public, but this I do know, he generalizes from isolated instances and misses completely the kindness, the patience, the courage, and the simplicity which go to make up communal life in every village. So his "Spirit of the Village" is merely a writer's version of that spirit, as limited in understanding as any unsympathetic foreigner might be if you planted him down in an English village and told him to write a book of his impressions. On the other hand, the first portion of Mr. Williamson's book is so full of understanding of, and sympathy for, the birds and beasts that it is curious how little he has been able to comprehend the human side of rural life. His study of animal life, his description of scenery, are delightful. Sometimes, perhaps, the style is a little too literary and precious for the subject, and the sentiment is occasionally the sentiment of slow music, but the charm of the first portion of his new work is undeniable. It makes the book well worth reading. A pity that the rest is so much like an urban literary "gent's" study of rusticity. Startling, maybe, but all wrong.

* * *

A Delightful Novel.

The story of a young girl suddenly bombarding a peaceful household of three elderly bachelors, and creating sentimental revolution among them, is an old but ever popular theme. Personally I always think that her intrusion in real life would be something of a "perfect nuisance," but as the young woman in books is invariably sweetly pretty, and as prettiness has its sins forgiven it even in real life as well as in books, at any rate by elderly gentlemen, the happy outcome of such intrusion is perhaps easy to understand. In "Rose Anstey" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Ronald Fraser has taken that old but beloved plot, yet has so happily varied the *dramatis personae*, and contrived such an unconventional ending, that it reads as a new and original story. It is full of pleasant and beautiful things. Mr. Richard, Mr. Henry, and Mr. George are the three elderly bachelors. They inhabit one of those large old-fashioned

houses in Belsize Park, in which they had lived for many years. It did not really belong to them, but they rented unfurnished a large number of rooms in it, thanks to a tyrannical but otherwise big-hearted old landlady to whom the house really belonged. These rooms they had furnished with all the old and lovely trappings and furnishings which they had inherited from their parents. The lovely old things belonged to the days of their youth when they lived in the country. Being still surrounded by them, it was as if there had been no breaking-up of their old home at all. And it was these beautiful old things which attracted Rose Anstey, who came, saw, and decided that, come what might, she would stay. So she stayed and was accompanied in her sojourn by her meek mother. Their advent was, of course, somewhat tempestuous at the beginning, but gradually the girl's youth and understanding and charm overcame all objections. Presently she was playing up successfully to each of the three brothers—pretending understanding with the mental vagaries of Mr. Richard; standing up to the untidy, messy, but realistic artist who was Mr. Henry; and playing tennis with the younger and more financially successful Mr. George. Later on, however, she had to face a problem. How could she keep her foot-hold in the lovely house without having to pay for it? She loved her elderly friends, but she was frankly fond of young men. And certainly Mr. George . . . Well, anyway, at the seaside she fell in love with a youthful poet, whose good looks were for Rose an overwhelming attraction. This infatuation of course upset everything and everybody, and at one moment it looked as if Rose would have to pay for her lovely home by giving it up altogether. Only, happily, as things turned out, she chose Mr. George and the house. Even so, there yet remains an "and then . . ." Which is among the surprises of a delightful novel. It may be a variation of an old theme, but it is a very charming one. Rose herself is somewhat conventional, but Mr. George, Mr. Richard, Mr. Henry, and certainly Mrs. Scott are not. "Rose Anstey" is undoubtedly one of the best among the new novels, and a book to be thoroughly recommended.

* * *

A Child's Book?

"Alice and Thomas and Jane" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), by Enid Bagnold is an experiment in child-literature which, honestly, I wonder if children will enjoy? Most children, I believe, really love either the fantastic or the real—the real for preference, since in the eye of the child the real is always so fantastic. Alice and Thomas and Jane, however, were almost grown-up adventurers. Nobody seemed to look after them, and so they did all the dangerous things which grown-ups would dub naughty. They lived at Rottingdean. One day for example they all dressed up, took the bus to Brighton, and earned several shillings by drawing pictures with coloured chalks on the pavement. Then Alice secreted herself in the aeroplane which takes people up for joy-rides on the Downs. All three of them explored a long cave which brought them up eventually inside a public-house. But the jolliest adventure of all, however, is Thomas's trip to Dieppe on a paddle-steamer. And the best part of the book are the illustrations, which quite frankly are a sheer joy.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxiv of this issue

RACING AND POLO

MR. OTTO KAHN AND MR.
AND MRS. JOHN BARRY-RYAN

AT BELMONT RACES: MRS. JACKSON DYKEMAN AND PRINCESS XENIA OF GREECE

MR. AND MRS. EARLE HOPPING
AND MR. E. A. S. HOPPINGMR. J. B. BALDING,
ENGLISH RESERVEPOLO INTERNATIONAL UMPIRE: CAPTAIN WESLEY
F. WHITE AT MEADOWBROOK

The International polo has of course swamped all other interest in America recently, even that in the Fall meeting at fashionable Belmont, for polo is America's second game. Mr. Earle Hopping must be a proud man, for his son, young Earle, played No. 2 for America, and was the star performer without question. Mr. Tommy Hitchcock also ought to be smiling—but isn't in this picture. Mr. J. B. Balding tried No. 1 for England, got a bad fall, and damaged a collar-bone. Mr. Otto Kahn, the famous International banker, was at the polo with his daughter and son-in-law. In the second match England was beaten 14 to 9 after a second Homeric battle, but defeat was not disgrace.

AMERICA'S POLO SKIPPER,
MR. TOMMY HITCHCOCK

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Counting the Costes.

NUNGESSION and Coli sacrificed themselves in an attempt to fly from Paris to New York in 1927, and it is a happy circumstance that it should be compatriots of theirs who have at last succeeded in making that difficult flight. Costes and Bellonte, in their Bréguet biplane with Hispano-Suiza engine, have completed the work begun by Nungesser and Coli three years ago, and so have obtained for France the honour of directly linking the French and American capitals by air for the first time. Nungesser and Coli were typical products of the War. They had both seen much service in aerial combat, Coli having lost an eye, and they both preserved in peace-time that recklessness for which they had gained a reputation during the War, but which most fighting airmen shed like a worn garment upon the signing of the Armistice. Their spirit was well represented by the slightly theatrical skull, cross-bones, and coffin painted on the side of their aeroplane. If their recklessness, as some suggested, was part of a pose, it was a pose they were ready to live up to, for there was no desperate adventure which they were not ready to undertake. I see again those two, as they take their places in their aeroplane while the whole of Europe and America looks on. They play their part magnificently. They are supposed by the adoring crowds to be careless of death, and they live up to that reputation to the last ounce and to the last second. Whatever their secret fears, whatever their private opinions about their venture, they allow nothing to appear on the surface likely to disturb the picture of them that the public had formed. They climb into their places, they take off, and they set out over the ocean, never to be heard of again. They were two stout hearts who vindicated the popular idea of the French fighting airman.

Costes and Bellonte are worthy followers of Nungesser and Coli; less theatrical perhaps; rather more scientific, but no less courageous and determined. That they completed the 3,700 miles in 37 hr.

14 min. is now common knowledge; but what I have not yet seen mentioned is that the aeroplane was the same one in which they flew from Paris to Manchuria, and that it is a machine that has done more flying than most. It is an old if not a decrepid aircraft, and its perfect behaviour leads one to wonder if it is not always better to use for long flights aircraft which have already done much flying and so have completely "settled down." Perhaps many Atlantic tragedies might be traced to the use of brand-new aircraft. Costes and Bellonte, and through them France, the country that produces artists in everything including adventurousness, are to be congratulated. Meanwhile we in England may perhaps accept our lesson with what grace we may. When British airmen in British machines attempted to break the world's distance record they failed each time, and then apparently felt tired and gave it up altogether. Each time they were forced down before flying the necessary distance, and on the last occasion the two pilots were killed. Nungesser and Coli were killed; but that did not deter France from trying again. Nungesser and Coli were a no less severe loss to France than were Jones-Williams and Jenkins to Great Britain. Why, then, has the Air Ministry abandoned all attempts to break the distance record? The reply that all the information required has been gained is a bad excuse; it is as if a boxer, after training for a championship fight, said that he had mastered the technique necessary and backed out of the actual

contest. Until Great Britain has actually broken the world's distance record it is idle for her to pretend that she could obtain it if she wanted to. If we had killed a dozen pilots in the attempts we ought, after having started, to have gone on trying until we succeeded. The abandonment of the attempt is highly discreditable and accords ill with the boasted character of the English.

Liverpool and Newcastle.

Mr. J. B. Allen won the Manchester-Liverpool air race, while Mr. A. C. Mills, representing Manchester, came in second. This race is for privately-owned and club aircraft which are standard in every respect. The fastest time in the race was done by Mr. R. F. Hall in an Avian. He averaged the extraordinarily high speed of 111·7 m.p.h. It may be recalled that the trophy for this race was presented by Sir William Cundiff.

The Newcastle Air Fête was unfortunate as to weather and few of the pilots who were due there were able to get through. Among those who did get through was Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth, who flew above the fog from London and arrived on time, winning the arrival competition.

Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth is one of the few pilots who are equally competent in aerobatics and in cross-country flying, and for me, as for many others who saw that historic contest, it will always be a regret that through misfortune with the preparations of his machine he did not fly in the 1929 Schneider Trophy race.

Starting Airscrews.

I am always amazed when I visit civil aerodromes to see the casualness with which private aeroplane-owners and flying-club members treat their airscrews. It is the exception to see chocks put in front of the under-carriage wheels when the airscrew is being swung, and there is no attempt to keep the commands and replies for airscrew swinging strictly to the established formula. I have heard the expression "Switch on" used on many occasions, and this is one of the shortest routes to

a broken arm and perhaps a broken head. The expression "Switch on" ought never to be employed, but always the word "Contact," which cannot lead to confusion. Moreover, the practice of starting the engine when there is no one in the pilot's seat should never be resorted to except when it is impossible to avoid it. A short time ago at Brooklands I saw a brand new aeroplane with nobody in the cockpit chase its owner a short way, then take off, make a flat turn, and crash. It was an astonishing spectacle, and it was due to the airscrew being swung when the throttle was too far open and there was no one in the cockpit to close it. A similar thing has now happened to Captain Stack's machine in France, so I hear, and there is little doubt that it will happen to many other machines until people get into the habit of treating the whole subject of airscrew swinging with greater respect. Chocks ought always to be used unless someone is in the pilot's seat or unless no chocks are available. The correct orders and replies, "Switch off" and "Contact," should be strictly adhered to and the airscrew should always be treated as if it were about to start.

I shall hope next week to give some account of the experiment in night-flying being carried out at the Heston Air Park. I see, by the way, that this is said to be the first public demonstration of night-flying. In fact such demonstrations were given at Hendon before the War.



THE OPENING OF RATCLIFFE AERODROME

This aerodrome, which was opened last week, is the property of Mr. W. Lindsay Everard, M.P., and is about eleven miles from Leicester. About one hundred planes from all over the country attended. In front is Major Algy Burnaby, Joint Master of the Quorn, with the horse-shoe he gave to Miss Amy Johnson, who is on top of the bus. On her right is Mr. Everard and behind her Mrs. Everard and Mr. Harry Purt, and others in the picture are Sir Francis McLean, Mr. A. S. Villars, and Mr. Pochin.

THE CAMERA'S ARTISTRY

At the London Salon of Photography



"DOWN SPINNAKER." BY G. L. A. BLAIR

These three studies are among the many brilliant examples of the camera's art now on view at 5a, Pall Mall East, where the London Salon of Photography is holding its twenty-first Annual Exhibition. The wonderful advance made in pictorial photography, an outstanding achievement of this age, is in no small measure due to the London Salon, whose aim is to encourage not merely technical excellence but the expression of personal artistic feeling.

The exhibition will remain open until October 4



"MERRY OLD ENGLAND," A CHARMING STUDY OF HAPPY CHILDHOOD BY MARCUS ADAMS



"BIRTH OF EVE," BY YVONNE GREGORY



MADAME COSTES

The wife of Captain Costes, the distinguished French airman, with her Teddy Bear, a duplicate of which flew to America with her husband. After their record ocean flight, which aroused such intense enthusiasm in New York, Captain Costes and Lieutenant Bellonte made Dallas in Texas in one hop, and thereby gained the prize of £5,000 offered by Colonel William Easterwood for the complete flight

TRÈS CHER.—How the apathetic old chair-women (chair, not char, kind Printer!) of the Champs Élysées, Tuilleries, and Cour-la-Reine must have hated Costes and Bellonte on Wednesday morning as they wearily trudged backwards and forwards replacing the iron chairs that had been dragged to the Place de la Concorde by the waiting crowd the night before. They must have hated them to the very marrow of their ancient bones . . . or were they proud to be associated, in even such a humble manner, with the aviators' triumph? It was a curious sight, early in the morning at the hour when the watering-carts and municipal brooms have washed the city clean, to see that vast abandoned army of empty chairs all turned towards the Automobile Club, where the "loud-speakers" were installed. It was curiously eloquent of the anxiety of the evening before, almost more eloquent than the amazing vision of the crowd itself, for crowds are such common occurrences in this city; the real Parisian is a born loiterer, but he does not usually sit down to his job! I had just returned to Paris to find Paris waiting. After a torrid day on the road I drove into the city in the cool of the late evening eager for bath and bed, and quite unaware of what was happening. Such are the astonishing ways of the postal arrangements in my *douce France* that I had not had a glimpse of a newspaper since the day before, and I did not even know that the aviators had started till I reached the city. Then of course all desires vanished except the desire for news, and I joined the waiting throng, struggling to the Place de la Concorde on foot, having left my car, luggage, and all, with the thousands of other abandoned cars that had completely obstructed the thoroughfares, prevented even the trams and omnibuses from continuing their routes in that part of the town. I can only think of one other crowd like this one, and that in a far away, blurred, nightmare-ish dream—the "Mafeking Night" of my childhood.

* * * * *

A fortnight or so ago I told you that a dramatized version of Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel, "The Well of Loneliness," was being presented in Paris by Miss Wilette Kershaw. I did not know then, what I have since learned from Miss Hall herself, that she had not authorized this version, was not aware till too late of the imminence of the production, and had neither read the play nor attended, therefore, a single rehearsal. There is so much to say about the interest and particularly the need of the remarkable novel in which Miss Hall did ". . . nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice"; and of that "mucheness" (to use an Aliceism) Havelock Ellis, the eminent sex psychologist, who gives us the gist in the foreword that he wrote to the first edition, laying stress on "the notable psychological and sociological significance" of the work that,

Priscilla in Paris

in his honest and erudite judgment, he places "on a high level of distinction." Of the play nothing of the same order can be said, and I do not wonder that Miss Hall denies it her . . . paternity. Obviously it will be a box-office success, but this I imagine is but small consolation to Miss Hall, whose name in this affair has been so sadly misused. The acting is . . . raw, I think, is the only expression that will serve. Miss Wilette Kershaw—despite her most beautifully cut riding-breeches—has not the physique for the rôle of Stephen Gordon. Her accent is deplorable, and you cannot imagine the disconcerting effect of her American inflections in the scenes with her stage parents (Miss Maud Cresswell and Mr. Geoffrey Clark), whose British accent was almost caricaturally so. Perhaps Miss Kershaw was aware of this, and that is why she chose for the part of Angela a young and pretty—a sullen and immobile prettiness-American actress whose accent was such that it caused the audience to titter from the first word she spoke to the last. Miss Kershaw's own accent was pale compared to Miss Carrie Maud's; to quote an American lad seated not far from me, "Gawd, but ain't she tough!"

* * * * *

In the rôle of Martin Hallam, a good-looking youngster, Mr. John Burton was strenuous, and had an unfortunate way of pronouncing "jawing" as "joring" and talking of "the idea-r of" things! and I would hate to tell you how Miss Cecil Hamilton ranted in the part of a clinging, spoiled, and pettish "Mary." Mr. Peter Upcher, however, as the cynical but amusing Jonathan Brockett, gave an excellent performance, but why, oh why, did he use his quite charming voice and



THE COMTESSE JEAN DE SEGONZAC

On Monte Carlo's famous bathing beach, which is flanked by a ball-room and a band, the Comtesse's sea-side suit—wide satin trousers, gaily striped shirt, straight coat and beret—was one of the many admirable outfits lately to be seen there



Cecil Beaton

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE: THE HEROINE IN THE NEW NOEL COWARD PLAY, "PRIVATE LIVES"

"Private Lives" will make its bow to London in October under Mr. C. B. Cochran's banner, after having had a long and successful tour in the provinces—Edinburgh, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and Southsea having been the itinerary. It is rated "typical Noel Coward," and has to do with the amorous adventures of two couples: Elyot and Amanda, who get married and divorced in record time, and Victor and Sybil. Each re-marries—Elyot, Sybil, and Amanda Victor—and in order to bring about the necessary complications they all select the same hotel for their honeymoon. Of course Elyot and Amanda meet and find that, after all, they love one another, and equally of course they make a bolt of it. Miss Gertrude Lawrence plays Amanda and Mr. Noel Coward Elyot

SCARBOROUGH
CRICKET FESTIVAL
AND SOME
FROM IRELAND



Victor Hey
THE HON. GEOFFREY AND
MRS. HOWARD



Frank O'Brien
AT KILMALLOCK SHOW: LORD
AND LADY MUSKERRY



Victor Hey
LADY HAWKE, MR. V. W. C. JUPP, AND
MR. W. H. D. LEVESON-GOWER



Poole, Dublin
AT THE KILDARE HUNT SHOW: MRS. MITCHELL AND HER
DAUGHTER ANN, AND THE REV. FATHER L. STAFFORD, P.P.



Victor Hey
LORD HAWKE AND F.-M. LORD
METHUEN



Poole, Dublin
MAJOR C. O. HAZLET AND
MR. R. W. HARTLEY

One of the most interesting matches during the Scarborough Cricket Festival was the one between Lord Hawke's XI and the M.C.C. team which is going to South Africa. Lord Hawke, who is President of the Festival, and who with Mr. Leveson-Gower has been presented with the Freedom of Scarborough, recruited a very strong team which included Hobbs, Sutcliffe, "Duleep," who can just be seen in the picture of Lord Methuen and Lord Hawke, and V. W. C. Jupp. The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Howard is a daughter of Lord Methuen, and her husband is an uncle of the Earl of Carlisle. Lord Muskerry's seat, Springfield Castle, is not far from Kilmallock, where they had a horse show recently. Mrs. Mitchell, who is with her little daughter at the Kildare Show, is the wife of the Joint Master of the Kildare Hounds, Major Mitchell. Father Stafford, who goes like a comet to hounds, was judging the jumping. Major Hazlet is the Irish golf champion, and Mr. R. W. Hartley the captain of the English team at the Irish Open Golf Championship at Portmarnock.

THE CAMERA'S LONG-RANGE BARRAGE



WHO'S FOR A DIP? LORD STRATHSPEY AND HIS SON AND DAUGHTER



LORD FRENCH AND THE HON. LORRAINE CARLETON

Lord Strathspey, who is the 31st chieftain of the Clan Grant, has his seat at Castle Grant, Morayshire, and these excellent snapshots of himself, Lady Strathspey, and their only son and daughter, the Hon. Donald and the Hon. Lena Ogilvie-Grant, were recently obtained. The heir is at school at Stowe. Lady Winterton was staying with her mother, Marjorie, Lady Nunburnholme, when she was caught by someone's camera. Lord Winterton, who was Under Secretary for India in the Conservative Government, is away in Rhodesia. Little Lord French is the grandson of the distinguished C-in-C. of the British Expeditionary Force of 1914, and later of the British Armies in France, who died in 1925. The Hon. Lorraine Carleton is the younger of Lord and Lady Dorchester's two little daughters.



ANOTHER FAMILY GROUP: LORD AND LADY STRATHSPEY AND THEIR CHILDREN



THE COUNTESS OF WINTERTON

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Eldorado," at Daly's Theatre



DIRTY WORK ABOUT A DIAMOND

Miss Mai Bacon, one of three very wicked crooks, having a real good run through the mysterious Mr. Dunnum (Mr. Mark Daly) in search of a diamond which is a fake

COMING up for air between the acts on the first night at Daly's (how oppressive these theatres are on fine September nights), I overheard a gentleman of colour being warmly congratulated on the excellence of *Eldorado*. "The show's all right," he agreed. "It only wants pulling." Whether he meant together or to pieces was not specified. "Can that be the author?" asked my companion, to which the obvious retort was, "Which one?" *Eldorado* has two presenters, two authors, three composers, four lyric writers, and two producers. Furthermore it was "originated"—a strange word to use in connection with anything so superbly static as musical comedy, and at Daly's of all places—by somebody else not included in the foregoing catalogue. So that when Mr. Oscar Asche, in thanking the audience on behalf of everyone concerned for a kindly reception, observed that the authors were as plentiful as the sand on the seashore, his estimate seemed to have sprung from the well of truth itself.

Presumably these numerous gentlemen between them have succeeded in giving the public what it is commonly assumed to have been wanting for the last twenty years, this period being in the nature of a strictly conservative estimate. Had musical comedy (old school) flourished under the Medes and Persians, any differences between the book of *Eldorado* and its contemporary version may be presumed to bear the same relation to each other as do "local rules" to the Royal and Ancient code of Golf.

There is nothing derogatory, I hasten to hope, in suggesting that the entertainment at Daly's is built on foundations generously mellowed by time. Indeed it seems it is impossible to contemplate the success of a musical comedy which achieved a complete break from

tradition. I remember a gossamer affair called *Peggy Ann* which had the effrontery to pass over all the pigeon-holes where the stock plots are tied together in neat bundles and launch out into fantasy. It was all about a dream, and even adventured a little satire! You could almost count the chorus on your two hands, and the tunes were too tricky and elusive to be hummed after five minutes' plugging. Needless to say it failed. The management lost their production expenses, and for the next twenty years it is safe to assume that no musical play which concerns itself with the whimsical or grotesque side of dreamland, or any other land, will ever be anything except a manuscript to be lost at leisure or returned in haste.

No. In musical comedy there are certain rules to be observed, and the laws of the Medes and Persians prevail. That they do so to the manifest delight of thousands is one of those minor mysteries of life which suggest that any dentist whose waiting-room contained no paper more than a week old would precipitate himself into Carey Street, drill, forceps, and all, within six months.

All that a devotee of the musical comedy art can do is to bow gracefully to the prescribed formula and hope for the best. Which means, in short, that he will pray that the comedians may have full rein, and having got it, will proceed to be excruciatingly and consistently funny; that the leading lady may be endowed with a face enchanting, a form divine, and, with luck, something reasonably related to a voice; that the ladies of the chorus may individually reveal the beauty of a Lily Elsie, the grace of a June, and the legs of a Mistinguett; and that the bathroom on the morrow may echo to the whistled refrain of at least one ear-tickling melody.

Some, if not all, of these hopes are justified in *Eldorado*. Mr. Jerry Verno is the principal comedian, and if there were moments when he



THE FOND LOVERS: DESIRÉE ELLINGER AND DONALD MATHER

Prior to that sudden misunderstanding which invariably occurs about the end of the second Act. The pair sing very nicely



THE SEÑORITA: MIMI CRAWFORD

That which she lacks in volume of voice she makes up for in the nimble way she trips on the light fantastic

was funny and moments when he wasn't, these ups and downs are part of the game. Perseverance and experience are the best substitutes for inspiration. Mr. Verno's material was not of uniform consistency, but when, disguised as the Señorita Flora de Cuba, he sang of the devilments of the modern girl, a sense of character and a nice touch of burlesque made a welcome appearance. Mr. Verno is down on the programme as a detective, but as to whether his motives in shadowing the Eldorado diamond from England to Brazil were wholly crooked, or only half-and-half, the interminable disappearances of this £100,000 jewel, not to mention its various counterfeits, deprecate any definite pronouncement. So often did the Eldorado change hands from crook to crook that one became indifferent to its fate or theirs at a somewhat advanced stage in the proceedings—to be precise, halfway through Act I. Even the bouncing blandishments of Miss Mai Bacon as the vamp failed to rouse a proper interest in the bogling of the two Chicago gunmen, one of whom was her husband, a singularly inoffensive-looking jewel thief, and the other her co-respondent, a gentleman of more sinister mien.

The complications of who had, or had not, got the diamond at any particular moment appeared capable of providing enough plot to last for three evenings. But the authors, both or all of them, were generous to a fault. They gave us another story altogether, as if one wasn't enough to be getting on with, about the Montagues and the Capulets, or rather the Arredondos from the Argentine and the Barros from Brazil. At frequent intervals Mr. George

Idé (Argentine) insulted Mr. Oscar Asche (Brazil—all of it), while Mr. Robert Nainby in general's uniform urged them to further battle on the principle that the more deaths a soldier encompassed the easier he made it for the survivors to live in comfort. It should be added, though it hardly seems necessary, that the family feud stopped short at the younger generation. So much so that Miss Desirée Ellinger, who fulfils all the hopes about a voice, so nicely does she sing, insisted on marrying Mr. Donald Mather, instead of yet another Arredondo and her former sweetheart, Mr. Geoffrey Davies. Both swains sang and smiled so manfully that, when the inevitable quarrel brought down the curtain, and the swooning form of Miss Ellinger at the end of Act II, it didn't seem to matter greatly whether the Señorita remained true to the Argentine and paternal guidance or went Brazilian.

Meanwhile that winsome blonde, and even more winsome dancer, Miss Mimi Crawford, was dividing her attentions between Mr. Verno, detective, and Mr. Eric Coxon, journalist. Messrs. Ide and Asche continued to exchange bows and insults, while the Eldorado flashed its bewildering

course from the deck of a liner to a courtyard in Rio, and thence to the Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires, bright with Fiesta celebrations. At 11.25 p.m. it was produced, for the last and yet the first time, from the trouser-leg of its guardian, Mr. Mark Daly, who removed wig and moustache and became sober for the first time since eight o'clock.

Mr. Daly's lengthy period of intoxication, most engagingly assumed; Mr. Verno's assorted back-chat; Miss Bacon's attitude to love; and last but not least, Mr. Asche's superb *avoir-dupois*, provide most of the humour. In Mr. Asche's case references to the R 100 are molehills made from mountains, yet cheerfully endured. The scenery is full of colour, sparkle, and electric lights which register the proper spirit of Carnival. The music offered me no excuse for any attempted whistling in the bath. The unconscious but insidious influence of jazz spread over a period of years may be responsible, but I fancy the score must have been singularly lacking in the type of tune that goes straight to the heart, *ad lib.* and *ad nauseam*. I have heard more ordinary lyrics, but not often. The chorus, as the times insist, are agile and efficient. If some of their push and precision could find its way into certain arid portions of the book, *Eldorado*, when the cutting and pruning are complete, may soon be another Daly Express.

"TRINCULO."



THE "GRINNING HIPPOPOTAMUS" AND HIS FRIEND

General Juan Fernandez de Arredondo (Mr. Robert Nainby) overhears an Argentine gentleman call the Brazilian Señor (Mr. Oscar Asche) the rude thing indicated in the head-line, and it is not exactly inapt



A NAUGHTY GIRL: JERRY VERNO

Singing "Aren't we little devils" on a thing called a fazenda outside Rio de Janeiro

A VERY VARIED COLLECTION



NASH'S CLUB AT LE TOUQUET: MR. GEORGE LANGTON AND MRS. SIDNEY CLARKE



MAJOR PERCY QUILTER AND LADY BURNAY



MRS. RALPH LAMPTON AND THE HON. LADY STANLEY IN THE DOUBLES



GOLFING AT PISTANY: LADY EDWARD GLEICHEN

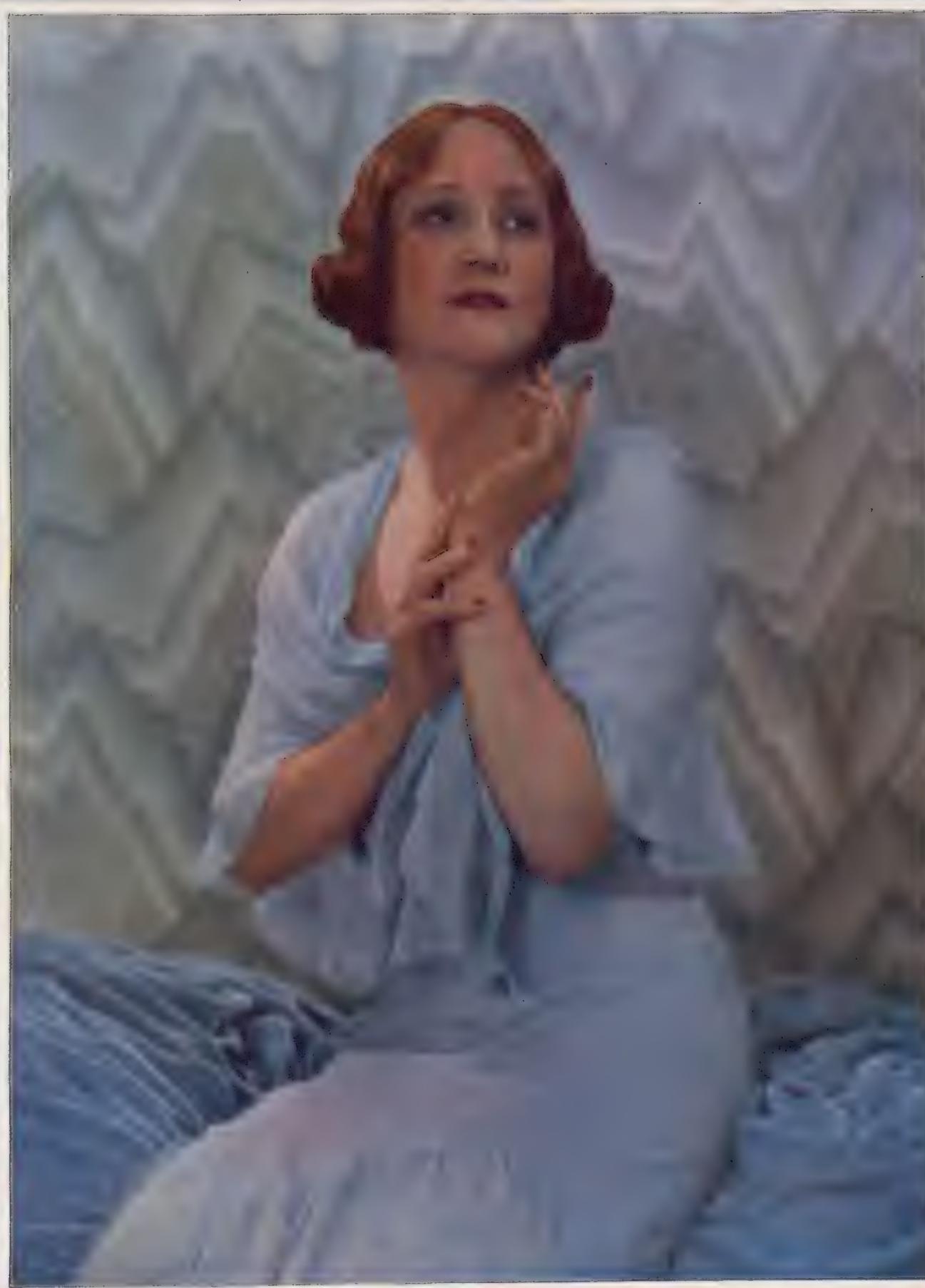


IN THE U.S.A.: SIR WILLIAM AND LADY JOWITT AND SIR ROGER GREGORY



AT THUN: H.M. KING FAISAL OF IRAQ

All the pictures at the top were taken at the Nash's Club Golf Tournament at Le Touquet when the Prince of Wales' Cup was also played for. Nash's Club is one of the most popular and go-ahead institutions of its kind in all London, and the comfortable little club house in Savile Row is most attractive. This expedition to Le Touquet was very well managed, and there was nothing the matter with the staff work. Lady Burney who is in the centre group is the wife of Commander Sir Dennistoun Burney, R.N., of "R 100" and "R 101" fame. He is also the inventor of that useful contrivance, the paravane, which probably saved a good many ships from being blown up by mines in the War. Lady Stanley is the wife of the Hon. Sir Victor Stanley, Lord Derby's brother. Lady Edward Gleichen who is the wife of Major-General Lord Edward Gleichen, and a kinswoman of Lord Kensington, was at that excellent cure place Pistany, in Czechoslovakia, where the radium mud baths are incomparable. Sir William Jowitt, the Attorney-General, Lady Jowitt, and Sir Roger Gregory were at the Arlington, Virginia, National Cemetery when they placed wreaths on the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier. Sir William Jowitt and Sir Roger Gregory, who is a solicitor, are attending the legal convention in Washington. King Faisal of Iraq, who has been in England, was snapped at the Palace Hotel, Thunehof, in the Bernese Oberland.



Exclusive to THE TATLER

From a direct colour photograph by Bertram Park

MISS FAY COMPTON

A recent photographic study of the famous actress who made a great personal success in that somewhat unpleasant story, "Dishonoured Lady," which preceded "Cynara" at The Playhouse, and in which Miss Fay Compton played Madeleine, the lady who poisoned the Gigolo blackmailer because she wanted to marry a peer of the British realm. The perjured alibi saved Madeleine from execution, but her fiancé and everyone else discarded her



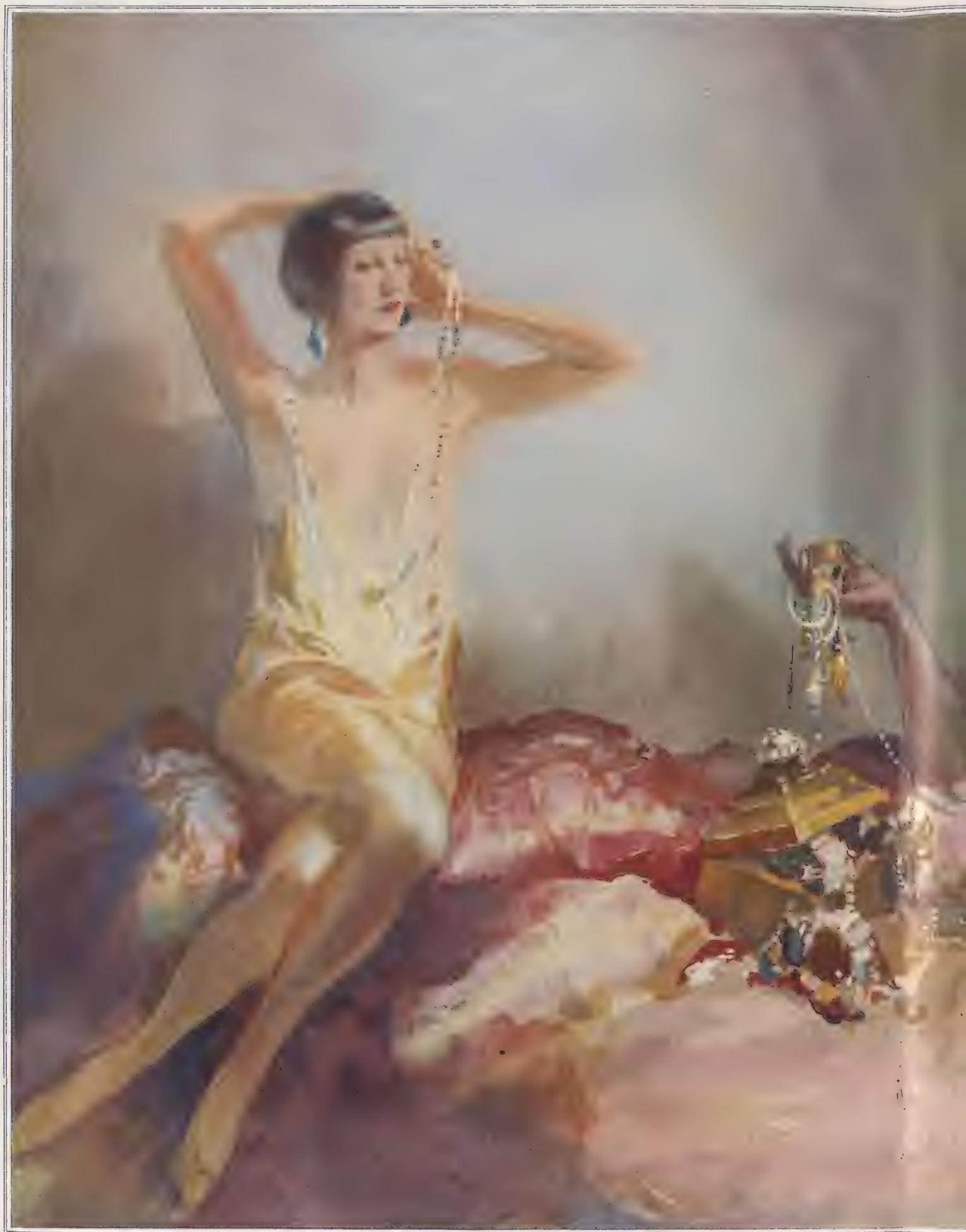
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By Webster Murray



LE CHAPEAU VERT

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PANDORA

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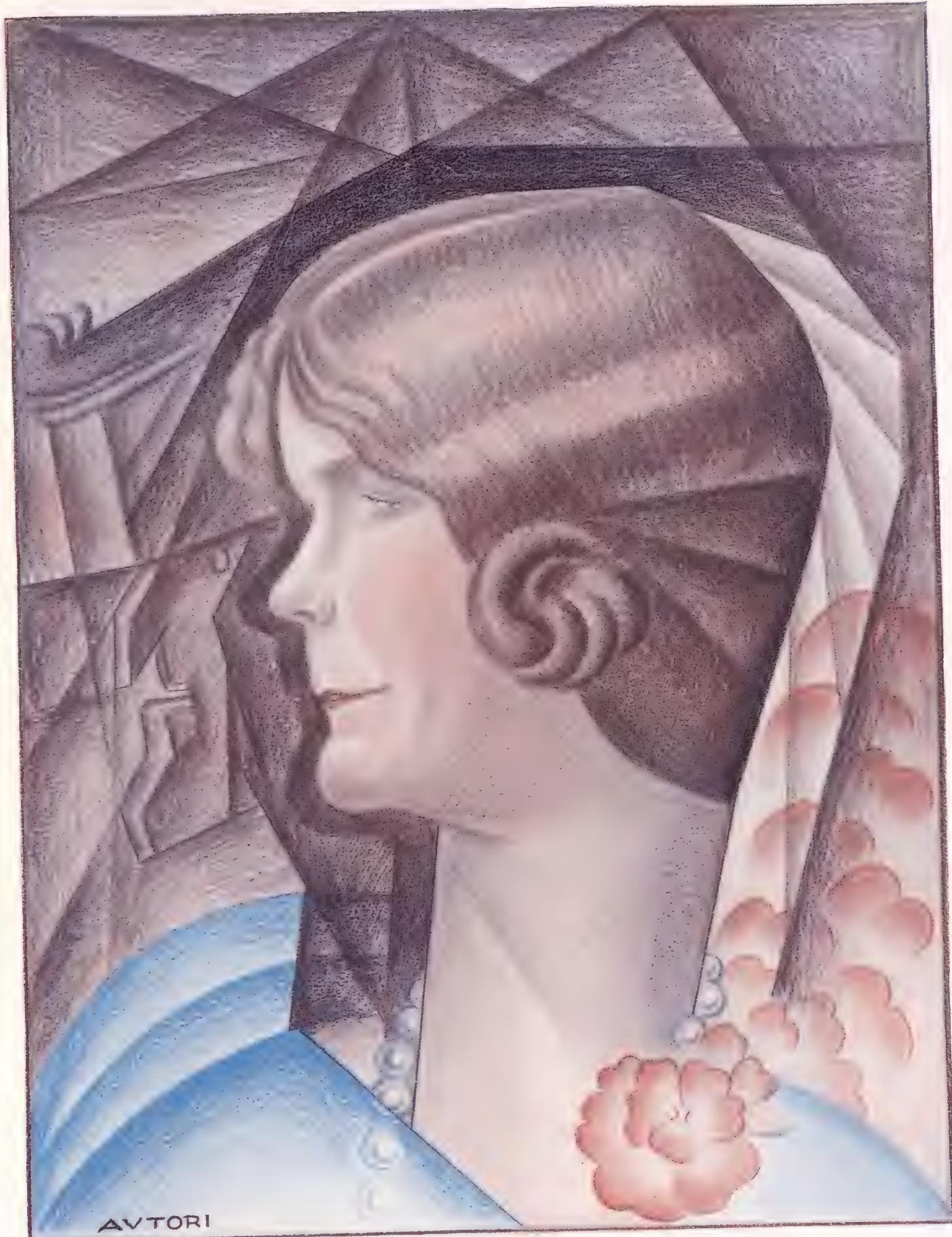
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MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN

By Autori

The talented wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. Philip Snowden, who is as great an individuality as her husband. Mrs. Philip Snowden is Governor of the B.P.C., amongst many other and varied activities, and is also an authoress of no mean standing. Before her marriage in 1905 she was Miss Ethel Annakin. Amongst Mrs. Snowden's achievements was a visit to Russia, which caused her to report most unfavourably on the workings of Bolshevism.



The "Maid's Head"
Norwich.



Amidst the "Inns" and outs of Life Player's Please

*Ruth Harriet Louise*

A HEAD STUDY OF ANITA PAGE



JULIETTE COMPTON'S LATEST PORTRAIT



ON THE LINE: LAURA LA PLANTE AT MALIBU

New studies of film favourites never come amiss, and fans will appreciate these three additions to their collections. American born, Miss Juliette Compton actually made her screen début in England, and was over here for quite a long time playing in many British films, mainly for Stoll. She is now established at Hollywood and appearing in Paramount Pictures. Miss Anita Page will not be twenty till next year, but has made rapid progress during her short film career and achieved a big success in "Our Blushing Brides." Miss Laura La Plante of Universal Pictures is to be envied, for she has a beach home at Malibu, the summer motion picture colony near Los Angeles. She can always find time for a bathe, and hangs herself up to dry on a rope in spite of the warning notice to be seen on its support.

SOCIETY PLAYS



MRS. FISHER-ROWE AND SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE



MISS EVELYN BAIRD



LORD AND LADY COTTONHAM



LADY NEUMANN, LADY MELCHETT, AND MRS. ROBERT GRIMSTON



SIR JOHN AND LADY BUCHAN-HEPBURN



MRS. F. MOTT-GUNTHER

All these pictures were taken at that hive of the golfing industry, North Berwick, where Society is still swarming and still being blessed with weather which, if not of heat-wave balminess, is extraordinarily good. Mrs. Fisher-Rowe, who is with Sir Adrian Baillie, is a daughter of General Frederick Rainsford-Hannay. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir William Maxwell, whose baronetcy is extinct. Sir Adrian Baillie is the prospective Unionist candidate for Linlithgow. Miss Evelyn Baird is Major and Lady Hersey Baird's daughter. Lady Hersey Baird is a sister of the Marquess of Conyngham. Lady Cottenham is a daughter of Captain John Taylor, who used to be in the Welsh Guards. Lady Neumann is the widow of the late Sir Sigismund Neumann and mother of the present baronet, Sir Cecil. Mrs. Robert Grimston is her daughter. Sir John Buchan-Hepburn succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father last year. Mrs. F. Mott-Gunther is the wife of the former U.S. Minister to Egypt

Photographs by Balmain, North Berwick

IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD

A Pictorial Diary of Events



THE LATE MRS. CROCKER (MISS SARI PETRASS) PHOTOGRAPHED WITH MR. NEIL AFTER WINNING A GOLF COMPETITION



PLAYING MIDGET GOLF AT ST. MORITZ:
MISS ELISE CRAVEN AND MR. CLAUDE GRAY



AT PALM BEACH, CANNES: LORD INCHIQUIN, MISS GRANT, MRS. JACK PATERSON, AND COUNTESS DE MARNIX DE STE. ALDEGONDE

A group of sun-worshippers at one of the Riviera's most notable basking-places. Lord Inchiquin, who succeeded as 16th Baron last year, served in the Great War with the Rifle Brigade, and was wounded. After the War he was A.D.C. to Lord Chelmsford when the latter was Viceroy of India, and in 1921 married Lord Chelmsford's second daughter. Mrs. Jack Paterson, whose husband used to be in the Grenadier Guards, is the daughter of Judge Spencer Hogg. Countess de Ste. Aldegonde, her sister-in-law, has a house in Brussels, where she entertains largely. The photograph of Mrs. Crocker (Sari Petrass), on left, has a sad significance as the late famous actress sent it to this paper the day she started off for her ill-fated motor excursion with Lady Horne



ABOARD S.Y. "YVONNE": A GROUP INCLUDING COUNT PHANTINI, MR. BEN THOMAS, MR. PITMAN, MR. AND MRS. JAMES AKERS, AND MRS. GORDON CAMPBELL

The group above was taken when Mr. James Akers' yacht, "Yvonne," put in to Ramsgate Harbour for repairs to a damaged propeller, the result of encountering some very heavy seas. Count Phantini, who is seen on the left of the back row, was responsible for saving Mr. Akers' life when he was in Italy. Mr. H. Pitman is a member of Lloyd's, and Mr. Thomas practises at the Bar. Midget golf, America's latest export to this country, is now spreading rapidly over the Continent and has reached the Grand Hotel, St. Moritz. This course is laid out with every kind of unexpected and tricky hazard, and Miss Elise Craven and Mr. Claude Gray, the well-known English dancers, frequently repair thither after their ballroom activities and have been known to play till dawn

POLO NOTES :

By

"SERFILE."

WETHER it will be possible to get the result of the second match in the International series before these notes have to go into THE TATLER is doubtful, but whether this happens or not I do not think that there is as much reason for the pessimism which is generally expressed as the score-board 10 to 5 over the first match on September 6 would seem to suggest. On a quite impartial analysis of the very good telegraphic report which Reuter sent to the London press, and which is gone into in greater detail lower down in these notes, it is obvious that instead of being beaten 10 to 5 we ought to have just about dead-heated. The fact that we did not go as close as this is just the fortune of war. This is said in no partisan spirit, but simply because the actual facts support it. No point has been given to either side which seems to be in any doubt, and in the analysis the actual and the possible scores are given chukker by chukker.

Here is this analysis:

1st Chukker.—Guinness missed one shot. Roark missed another by a few inches. England was on top practically all the way. *Actual Score:* England 2; America 1. *Possible Score:* England 3; America 1.

2nd Chukker.—Pedley missed a sitter. Roark missed again by inches. Balding ditto. America's "round." *Actual Score:* America 3; England 2. *Possible Score:* America 4; England 4.

3rd Chukker.—Very even. Guinness missed and it cost us a goal. *Actual Score:* America 4; England 3. *Possible Score:* America 4; England 4.

4th Chukker.

—Guinness missed scoring by inches. A very even chukker, neither side having any distinct advantage; pace terrific, which may not have suited the English ponies as much as it did the American ones. *Actual Score:* America 5; England 3. *Possible Score:* England 5; America 5.

5th Chukker.—Pedley missed two; first an easy one, second hitting the post. Roark missed one. *Actual Score:* America 6; England 4. *Possible Score:* England 6; America 7.



AMERICA'S INTERNATIONAL TEAM

Which won the first match at Meadowbrook on September 6, beating England 10 to 5. The score is analysed in these notes. The names in the picture, left to right, are: Mr. Winston Guest, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Mr. E. A. S. Hopping, and Mr. Eric Pedley.

was stopped by the ball hitting Pedley's pony has been allowed. In the 6th chukker the forty-yarder which Roark missed is allowable; but even if we cut this out it would still leave England still well up to the Americans. Of course, on the accepted reckoning about "ifs" and "ans" and the amount of work they would provide for tinkers if they happened to be pots and pans, the analysis which has been made may be severely traversed, but taking an open view of things, I suggest that the analysis is a fair one. On the run of the game I further suggest that there is very little, if anything, to choose between the two teams, and that with the bit of luck which did not come our way, we might have won, or might only have been beaten by a short head. On paper a win by 10 to 5 looks like a rout, and as if the American team's advantage of having been together as a team longer than our own was preponderating; but when the facts are sifted I suggest that it wears a different complexion. Our team, by losing both Captain George and Mr. Aidan Roark, the former through indisposition and the latter as a result of a very serious operation to counter-act the effects of the fall he got in the 4th Trial match in England, and which only declared themselves after his arrival in America, suffered an unfortunate set-back, and it is possible

(Continued on p. viii)



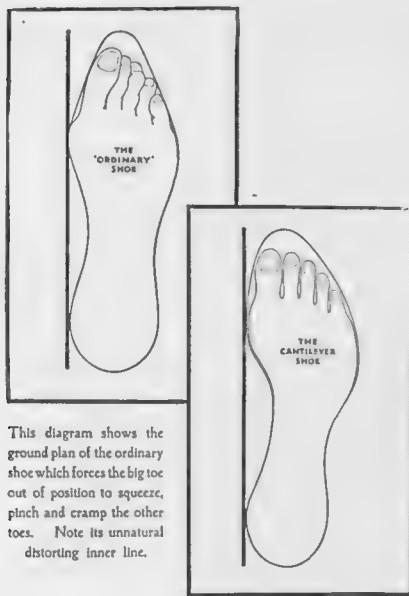
THE NEWMARKET POLO TEAM

E. S. Crisp

A four composed entirely of lights of the racing world as it is fitting that it should be. The names, left to right, are: Felix Leach, the well-known trainer, T. Leader, the famous N.H. jockey (Sprig's National pilot), H. Leader, and Basil Jarvis, both celebrated G.H.Q. trainers



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AT DINAS DINLLE, NEAR CARNARVON

One of the bathing beaches in Wales, and which is in Carnarvon Bay, about five miles from Carnarvon. In this group, left to right, are: Miss E. G. Weickmann, Miss C. A. Cook, Miss D. P. Elliot, "Tiger" (a sea-monster), and Major H. R. Moseley

A very learned professor at that always cheery and amusing function, the British Association meeting in the Anthropological Section, said that:

"No one has given a reason why man ceased to be an ape," and that while our belief in the "Ascent of Man" is unshaken, why an ape-man became an artisan eludes us.

While not wishing to appear to butt in on a rather delicate situation, isn't the professor a bit too sweeping? Does it elude us? Isn't a plumber some kind of an artisan? Surely our learned friend knows that in millions of cases the ape has not been such an ape as to become a man? Aren't there wisps of our friends (and the professor's friends) who look terribly lonesome without a barrel organ, some nuts, and a banana, and is it not the fact that it is often next to impossible to tell which is the organist? Again, it is rather contrary to the facts that man is not trying to get back to the simple ways of his ancestors. Look at all the idle rich who fill the queues at the theatre and flicker matinées and flaunt their dole dollars on the hard-working and less civilized poor. I think the professor has got it all wrong and must really revise his ideas.

* * *

And in this connection has it ever occurred to us that the Hindu theory of the

Vivyan Poole, Dublin
LADY MOIRA FORBES, M.H.

The new Joint Master, with Captain N. W. Mayne of the Longford Harriers. Lady Moira Forbes is Lord and Lady Granard's elder daughter. This picture was taken at Westmeath Show with Tramont Lass, one of her winners

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

transmigration of souls should receive a far wider acceptance than is actually the fact, for do we not see it suggested to us as absolutely certain so frequently during the progress of even the least adventurous day of our existence? The rough idea is this: that if you are good you may come back in your next incarnation as the Governor of the Bank of England, a Canned Fruit King, or even as Master of the Quorn; if you are bad, as bad as an Income Tax man, for instance, or a bank manager, or a publisher, you may come back as an ear-wig or a Zoo bear compelled to eat buns by the hour, or as one of the more highly-scented pole-cats or hyenas. It is a most fascinating theory, and I am perfectly certain that it is quite often worked out in things and animals we have around us and do not notice as often as we should. Take the canines as an example. There is an old dog hound in the Belvoir Kennel who never was a ha'porth of use in his work, who reminds me most amazingly of an old chap I knew in my childhood's days who fought at Inkerman and said he killed two Russians in the fog. No one believed him as he was a rotten bad shot even when the visibility was good. But I never see that old hound without something forcing it upon me that here he is come back again—toes down and slobber all complete. It was a perfectly loathsome sight to watch him eating a pear. Similarly I feel certain that that beautiful little Quorn bitch, Wonderful, of which Mrs. Algry Burnaby is so rightly fond, will be a Pavlova or a Nikitina in her next existence. Perhaps she was Perdita in her last migration. There are thousands of Pekingese and French bull-dogs who make one think of various dear, or otherwise, departed, and the entire parrot

Walter Brydon
AT HAWICK FLOWER SHOW

Which was opened by Lady Minto, who is being presented with a bouquet by the lady in the foreground. The names in the group are: Lady Polwarth, Sir Thos. Henderson, Lady Minto, Lord Minto, Lady Henderson, and Miss Anne Somerville. Sir Thomas Henderson was member for the Border Burghs for many years and is President of the Hawick Horticultural Society

creation certainly is occupied by the transmigrated. Where horses are concerned some of them must be the half-way spiritual homes of departed dentists, and even of murderers like Robespierre and Jack the Ripper, for it is unquestionable that they are possessed of homicidal mania. Quite a number of them must have been members of Parliament in their previous existences on account of their fondness for a division, and also, in some cases, for an argument. There is many a departed Treasury Counsel amongst the denizens of Barkby Holt, Waterloo Gorse, and Rookbarugh, to mention three permanent residences of Reynard the Bold—and as for tigers and snakes and *tsain*, and buffalo, and the cats, the case is absolutely overwhelming, especially tigers. I expect anyone can name a dozen dozen off-hand who are booked to be man-eaters in their next innings, and millions who will hardly notice the change when they are turned into cats—female and male. In fact there is hardly anything which can be named, from a rhino to a rat, or a porpoise to a porcupine, which does not suggest that someone we have known at some time or other is not waiting in them for his, or her, change at the next station on a journey which never seems likely to end.

(Continued on p. xii)



The Young 'un: "Had a sad disappointment the other day—George asked me down to taste a bottle of brandy that he'd found in his father's cellar—been there years and years."

The Old Stager: "Well, what happened, did the butler drop it?"

The Young 'un: "No, but it was terrible—fiery as the devil."

The Old Stager: "Bottled young, that's why. Age in bottle is no good to a liqueur brandy. Age in cask is what counts. That's one reason why I like 'Cordon Bleu,' age in cask guaranteed, Age and Quality, of course."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants.



Peter North

MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS

One of the most distinguished of English dancers, who with Prince George Chavchavadze is presenting a series of dance and piano-forte recitals, for which Prince Chavchavadze has composed some of the music. The object of this series is to introduce original ballets to the British public

THE following story is taken from "At the Sign of the Gun and Dog," by Patrick Chalmers:

"The six-year-old son of an Irish ghillie rushed into his mother's cottage.

"Come quickly, mither, come quickly. Father is up to his heels in the bog."

"Go away, you young varmint," said his mother, "what harm will he be takin' and him wading in the water all day?"

"Shure," replied the youngster, "it's up to the heels by the head first that he is."

* * *

A commercial traveller connected with a cycle company went from home to a distant town just before an interesting family event took place. To set his mind at rest he left orders with the nurse to wire "Gentleman's safety arrived" if the expected baby turned out to be a boy, and if a girl to wire the words, "Lady's safety arrived." A few days later the wire arrived, and on it he read the word "Tandem."

* * *

A clergyman who was a very keen golfer was very worried because he had got into the habit of using strong language, and he readily fell in with the suggestion of a friend that, in order to check the habit, he should pick up a stone every time he let slip a bad word. Returning to the club-house after his next game, he met his friend, who said, "Well, sir, I see you are reforming. Your pockets are not very heavy."

"No," said the clergyman, gloomily, "but wait till you see the wheelbarrow the caddie's got."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

The club bore was in full swing, "Now, this," he explained to his weary listeners, "is where the German troops were in ambush, and here is where our own men were encamped for the night. At the first shot we broke up our camp and deployed in this direction, but our left wing was cut off by the enemy, who made a sortie from here. I was leading the main column, and just as we reached this clump of elm trees I was wounded on the hip. A hundred yards farther on my right arm was shattered by a piece of one of our own shells, and ——"

Here a member of his audience could stand it no longer. "Yes," he interposed, "but tell me, where was it you had your brains blown out?"

A little boy who had been in a very bad humour during breakfast was told to say grace at the end of the meal. Very unwillingly he shut his eyes. "Fanks for my breakfast," he muttered.

"Oh, Billy, said his mother reproachfully, "that wasn't much of a grace."

"Well," said Billy, "it wasn't much of a breakfast."

* * *

Two friends from the North met after an interval of some time. "Weel, Jock, I hear ye've got married," said Donald.

"Aye, Donald," said Jock.

"An' what kind o' a body is yer wife? Can she sew?"

"No."

"Mak' parritch?"

"No."

"What! No' mak' parritch? What can she do?"

"Weel, Donald, she's a grand singer."

"Och, mon,
but ye're a
daft creetur'.
Wouldna' a ca-
nary ha'e been
cheaper?"

* * *

A working man had been awarded damages in an accident case. When his solicitor presented him with his account for legal expenses he looked so ruefully at the figures that the lawyer asked him if there was anything wrong with it.

"No, I suppose not," replied the man,

"but I was just won-

dering if it was

you or me wot

fell off that

scaffoldin'."

* * *

The office boy was strutting about with an expression of glee on his face. "The boss is beginning to take an interest in me," he confided to a friend; "he asked me yesterday if I worked here."

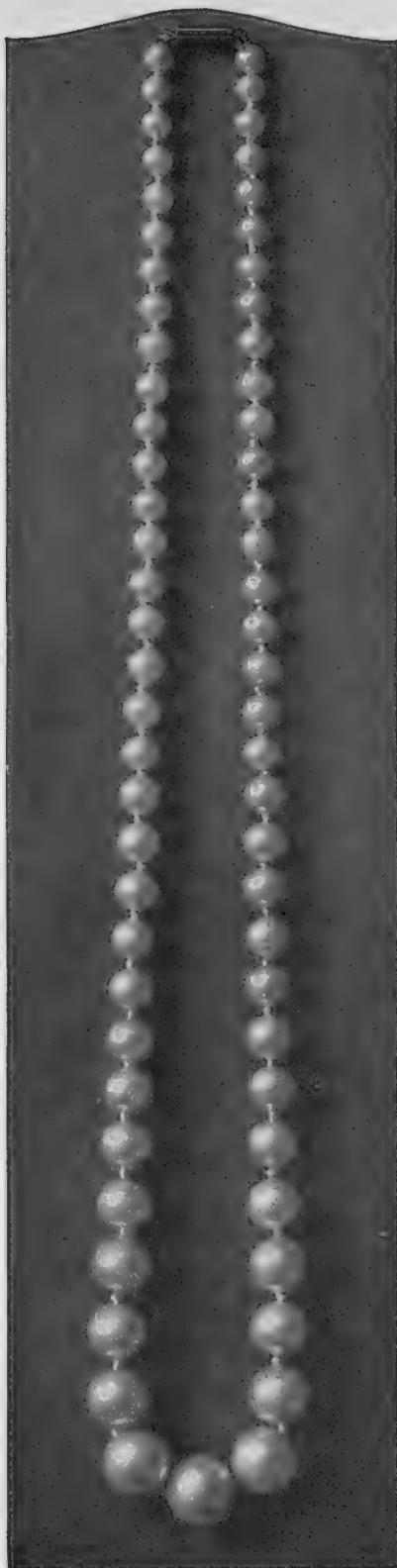


Janet Jerons

MISS MARGERY BINNER

Who is playing the lead in the new piece, "Her First Affaire," which had its premiere at the Kingsway on September 11. Miss Binner is also doing a talkie at Elstree very shortly and so is likely to be more than a bit busy

In all other respects they are alike



Photographic reproduction of the famous Ciro Pearl necklace 16" long (complete with gold clasp, in case). One Guinea.

The chief difference between a necklace of oriental pearls
And a necklace of Ciro creations
Is that one costs a fortune,
The other costs a fraction
One comes from the Orient, the other from a Paris laboratory
One is a secret, the other is a discovery
One is a source of permanent worry,
The other of perpetual enjoyment
One is worn with risk, the other is worn without it
Yet on the score of appearance they are as alike as coins struck off the same die

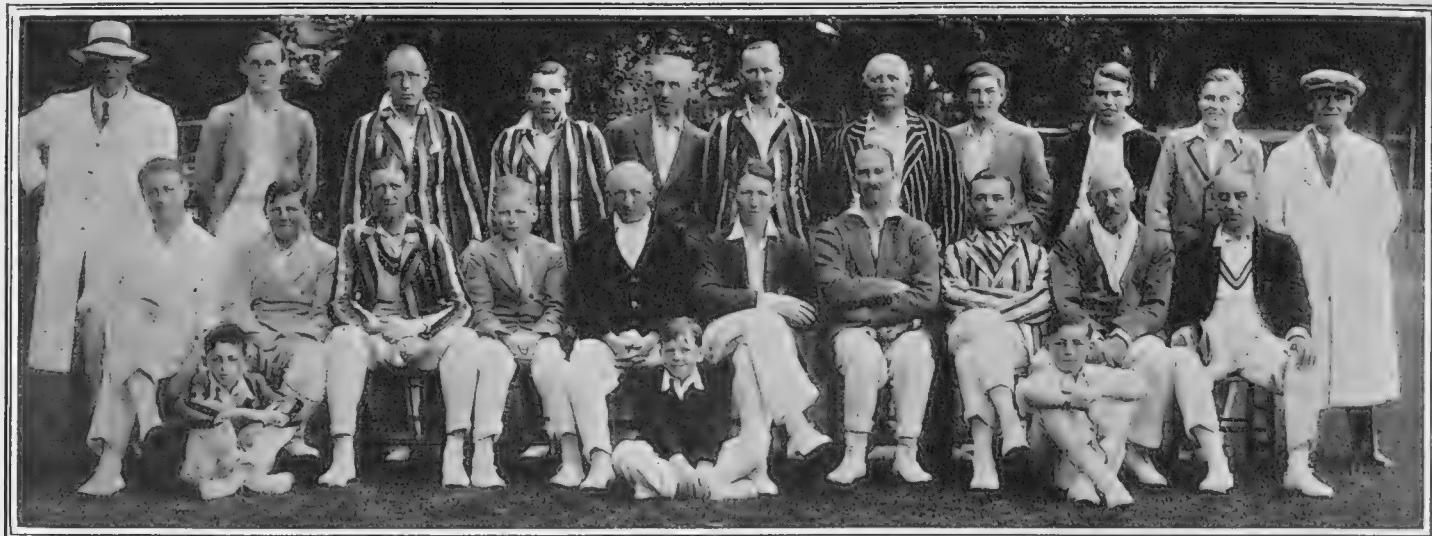
Prove this to your own satisfaction. If you cannot visit the Ciro Salons, a guinea will bring you a 16" necklet of lovely Ciro pearls. Wear them and compare them. If you are not entirely pleased with them, return them to us within 14 days and your money will be refunded in full. Alternatively, we shall be pleased to exchange them.
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PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON



R. S. Crisp

SENIORS v. JUNIORS (NEWMARKET TRAMPS) AT CAMBRIDGE

The two teams at Fenner's, Cambridge, in their recent match in which the Juniors got 142 in their first and the Seniors 150 for eight. The names, from left to right, are : Back row—Mr. Watts (umpire), N. Knox, Felix Leach, T. Leader, F. S. Butters, D. H. Lloyd, Frank Butters, R. Cutlack, T. Hobbs, T. Darling, Mr. Haylock (umpire). Second row—J. J. Lezard, N. Hambro, W. R. Jarvis, G. Cooper, H. R. King, R. Jarvis, A. G. Bailey-Hawkins, V. Butters, R. S. Hicks, Grafton Pryor. On ground—A. Rose, R. Lloyd, and T. Lambton

Permutations.

WE and the times are not the only things that change. Our motor-cars have acquired the same habit, and in the matter of rapidity they have got, to all appearances, the field well beaten. Some of us who take pride in being up to date will have to take a pull at ourselves. For years and years I have prided myself that I could recognize any make of car on sight, and I suppose that, one way and the other, I am money up on the guessing game. But in this I confess myself the merest handicap player. There are chaps in Great Portland Street and the Euston Road who will tell you accurately at a glance not only the make, but the model, or the month in which it was delivered. The pro. has always got it over the amateur. Nevertheless I very nearly felt sore this afternoon, for I observed three motor-cars that completely defeated me. The truth is that they were, all of them, 1931 models, and it was quite out of the question to recognize them from the pictures I had seen. Very smart indeed they looked. I notice that the white-line idea, so well beloved by our county surveyors, has now infected car designers. It is even to be supposed that this time next year no radiator will be acceptable unless it has a chromium streak down the middle of it—just to give the mild suggestion, I imagine, that it is a Double Six. This particular thing is just a sincere form of flattery, than which there are lots worse things. It is a trifle, at all events, beside the fact that the latest examples of quite low-priced cars are extraordinarily good-looking. And they have a more than superficial beauty. For the sake of curiosity I sneaked into one sample, just to try the seating, and it was really hard to believe that so much commodiousness could be got on to such a moderate wheel-base. As to this matter I think that the coming Show will see the last of the sort of car that will only accommodate undersized people. In point of fact the larger body-work that has been

so widely adopted looks not a whit worse than that which went before. There can hardly be any doubt that it will give great satisfaction—especially to out-sizers like me.

And Combinations.

BUT it is not only in connection with makes and models that I shall have to make some important mental adjustments. Already the announcements of not more than a dozen manufacturers have put my ideas of prices all at sixes and sevens. Really the British motor manufacturer is rather a wonderful chap. So far as I can remember he has never received the slightest consideration, much less any help (barring an Import Duty) from his Government, and yet when it comes to a display of boldness and enterprise in most difficult circumstances he comes out as a pattern industrialist. He slices chunks off his prices and at the same time he puts better value into his car.

As an instance the Straight-Eight Hillman—which must be the lowest priced Eight on this market, now costs only a tenner or so more than Mrs. P. V.'s Fourteen cost me a couple of years ago. And there are many other instances in which almost similar cuts have been made as the result of really efficient organization. That is sufficiently marvellous in view of depression and income tax and sanguinari- ness in general; and I am sure we shall be duly grateful to those who are not only giving us better cars for our money but also doing a handsome bit towards tackling the problem of unemployment. The only folk who are going to be upset by all this welcome activity are the great and innumerable legion of snobs. How deep the shock for the proud owner of the So-and-So when he finds that his nearby neighbour has part-exchanged his Such-and-Such for a brand new So-and-So (on the strength of a big price reduction), and has impudently and openly rolled up in it. Well, the original So-and-So patron must now impetrate his bank manager and acquire a This-and-That or

(Continued on p. xviii)



IN THE HIGHLANDS: LADY CASTLEROSSE

Riding across the moors at Drumour where she and Lord Castlerosse were at Lord Wimborne's recent grouse shoot. Lord Castlerosse is the Earl of Kenmare's son and heir



TO LOVERS OF ENGLAND

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS,
JOHN STREET ADELPHI,
LONDON, W.C.2.

21st August, 1930.

DEAR SIRS,

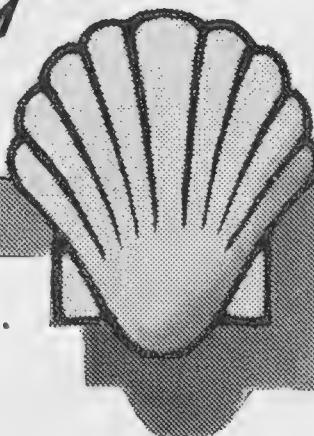
The Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce realises the vital importance of advertising, and that this country cannot neglect any means to make British goods familiar. At the same time it should be recognised that the beauty of England is a priceless possession and that advertising will defeat its own ends if it injures it.

The Society greatly appreciates the fact that your Company abstains from advertising in the most beautiful corners of the countryside, and hopes that your example will soon be followed by less instructed firms so that the scenery of England may no longer be desecrated by blatant and hideous advertisements.

Yours faithfully,

E. Rail
CHAIRMAN.
G. K. Meagies
SECRETARY.

Messrs. Shell-Mex, Ltd.



The Copper-haired Girl

By WILFRID LAWLESS



"At the moment of impact he planted the steel point a little behind the shoulder-blade"

DON FRANCISCO LOPEZ Y VELARDE, whom Nature had not endowed with meekness, was filled with an anger which even for him was excessive. It was no doubt this which caused him to forsake his pompous club in the Calle de Alcalá, and follow one of those narrow streets which wander seemingly without object away from the garishly-lit centre of Madrid.

For him, who was at once a plutocrat and an aristocrat, such a proceeding was unusual. Surely he would be better in his hotel than treading these ill-lit pavements, in this quarter of dingy fried-fish shops, third-rate cafés, and houses of doubtful fame. But as he walked with head lowered, chewing the butt of a cigar which had failed to soothe, he was hardly aware of his surroundings.

That same afternoon, in the Bull Ring of Madrid, six of his best bulls had been killed with pomp and circumstance. It was not this which troubled him, since for that purpose they had been bred and sold to the proprietors of the Ring at a handsome profit. His ill-humour sprung from the conduct of the bulls when they entered the arena. Not one had shown a genuine desire to fight, and the disappointed public had been lavish in its comments. The herds of Don Francisco were all tame. They were composed of heifers in disguise, or of calves blown up with air until they attained the size—but not the valour—of five-year-olds.

Don Francisco would have been wise to ignore these insults. His reputation as the best breeder in Spain was no fiction. He had reared—and would rear again—animals like Chico II, who in the arena of Seville had given such an account of himself that he was allowed to return alive to the *corral*, covered with wounds and glory. The very beasts which this afternoon had brought shame upon themselves and their master had been spirited enough on the open pastures. But a fighting bull, as Don Francisco had often declared, is as undependable as a

race-horse or a woman. The journey, the wait in the *corral*, the sudden vision of the excited crowd—any of these might turn their natural fierceness into timidity.

On the evening of the fight, however, these consoling reflections did not occur to him. To-morrow, perhaps, on the way back to Seville. . . . Meanwhile he turned into a small café and ordered coffee and a glass of cognac.

A seat was vacant by the open window. From here, turning his back on the groups of collarless workmen, and the zinc bar with its unwiped stains of beer and syrups, he looked out with small interest into the street. He was just lighting a fresh cigar when a woman passed, sauntering slowly. The cigar remained unlit. The match burnt on towards his fingers, until he flung it down with an oath.

In such matters, without false modesty, Don Francisco considered himself a connoisseur. But the girl who had just gone by was unique in his experience. The gleaming coppery hair, common though it is in Madrid, had never seemed to strike the key-note of the whole character so truly as in her. The eyes were full of rebellion, the nose small and straight. The mouth, though perhaps too large for the pale oval face, was well-shaped and looked capable of only two expressions: tenderness and anger.

As Don Francisco was musing upon these details she came back past the window. Having observed her slim black-clad body, and her walk, which was at once sensuous and defiant, he smiled up at her and waved to the chair at his side. For answer she gave him a look of contempt and turned away into the street.

In Don Francisco's experience everything could be bought with money, though it is possible that his demands on life had never been very exacting. He summoned the landlord of the café, offered him a cigar, and spoke with him in low tones across the table. Their conversation need not be recorded. It was resumed in the landlord's final sentence:

"Perhaps . . . but she is very capricious."

Don Francisco smiled and ordered another cognac. Before he had finished it the copper-haired girl came into the café, this time in company with a man. In the tall, spare figure and the dark face with its fierce eyes, Don Francisco recognized one of his own peons—Juanico, who had come up with the bulls on Saturday, and who ought now to be in the train for Seville.

Don Francisco would have called to him, but the couple passed quickly to the other end of the café and seated themselves

(Continued on p. iv)

Johnnie Walker:

'The quality of old Scotland is as
grand as ever.'

Sportsman:

'And there's no feener example
of it than yersel'!"



THE HIGHLAND GATHERING
is held each year at Braemar. This
is one of the great social events of the
Scottish season—particularly because
of the Royal Patronage under which
these picturesque sports are held.

Born 1820—Still Going Strong



Twin competitors in the Girls' Open Championship: Miss Peggy Whitfield (left) and Miss Betty Whitfield. Their younger sister, Nancy, thoroughly enjoys caddying for them. Details of the championship organized by "Britannia and Eve" will be chronicled next week

WHY can the poor journalist so seldom sit down and write about just the thing that is really pleasing her at the moment? For instance, to-day my sole wish is to make other people's mouths water with a minute description of the West Sussex Golf Club, which is to be formally opened next spring but which I had the good fortune to be taken round last week. Such soil; such holes; such views. But no, we must be stern and keep details of that course (which you can see for yourself if you are motoring from Pulborough to Storrington, on your left just after crossing Wickford Bridge) until such time as there is more space available.

For there are all sorts of other topics this week, such as the wedding-dress of Mrs. Alan Hickman, Miss Jean McCulloch's win at the West of Scotland Championship, and the Girls' Golfing Society Meeting at Stoke Poges. Mrs. Alan Hickman is a name which you will find at the top of the Dorset team in next week's County Finals, which will probably explain to you that she was Miss Catharine Beard, who was harshly treated in the 1st round of this year's Championship by Miss Glenna Collett, and very nearly avenged in the next round by her younger sister, Miss Mary Beard. The point of the wedding-dress was that it had been her mother's, so presumably those careful souls who tell you that everything comes back into fashion if you will only keep it long enough would be perfectly satisfied. So was everybody who looked at it, for a prettier, more modern frock you could not imagine, though, on the unimpeachable evidence of the bride's said mother, nothing had been done to it beyond the removal of the train.

In the days when they were both playing in the Girls' Championship (which was only two years ago) the Misses Beard were affectionately known as Pinky and Bluey. The nicknames would have had to have been reversed in Holy Trinity, Brompton, and afterwards at the Rembrandt Hotel, for the bride had forsaken her blue for a bouquet of pink carnations, while her sister and the rest of the bridesmaids were in delphinium-blue. Mrs. Hickman is going to finish up her honeymoon at Aldeburgh, and after that will be living on the borders of Warwick and Stafford, so Dorset are to have her help no longer. She was born in Staffordshire and will be able to transfer straight back to the county where she first learnt her golf. Condolences to Dorset and to Miss Mary Beard seem a fitting conclusion to the matter. Some more condolences are necessary over

EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

the West of Scotland Championship, for Mrs. Andrew Holm, the Scottish champion was obliged to scratch because the removal of adenoids a few weeks before had not been the speedy business which she had been promised. It was all the more pity because she and Miss Jean McCulloch would have had a battle royal in the second round, which would certainly have been something worth seeing. That, however, is what you may say of Miss McCulloch's golf all the time. Cardross is just the opposite of the courses where she won her two Scottish championships, for the rich lush turf, particularly at this time of year, has nothing in common with St. Andrews or Machrihanish. Nor does one find the finest specimens of forest trees at either of those delectable spots, and trees at Cardross have a way of butting into the picture most persistently. They did that to Mrs. Walter Greenlees, who might have been expected to go far, but the trees, not to mention the really remarkable golf of Miss Rhona Adam, were altogether too much for her. Miss Adam, who is only occasionally in the Dumbartonshire team and owns an L.G.U. handicap of 15 at Helensburgh, was out in 39, which was extremely good for anybody. Miss McCulloch, however, allowed nobody to take such liberties with her, though Mrs. Houston Rowan, reinforced with steel shafts, made a brave fight in the 4th round, and Mrs. Fleming, who used to play for Hertfordshire, at one time looked like doing the same in the semi-final. Mrs.

Coats, who won the West of Scotland Championship in 1928, when it was instituted, managed to make Miss McCulloch play seventeen holes, and there was some very pretty approaching on the part of both of them. But there was no doubt that Miss McCulloch deserved to retain her Championship.

As for the Girls' Golfing Society, it was Present girls who swept the board, leaving the Past looking on and feeling positively ancient. Even the scratch, with so great a person as Miss Enid Wilson competing, went to a fifteen year-old, Miss Pauline Doran, who was actually the youngest competitor in for the Girls' Championship. By that showing and by the excellence of her style it is a name we had all better get into our heads. She, Miss Enid Wilson, and Miss Diana Plumpton all returned 80, but Miss Doran won the cup on her 39 home. In the handicap it was Miss Josephine Spiers, who is just sixteen and another player with an excellent swing, who carried off the cup with $87 - 17 = 70$, Miss Doran's 71 net, second, and Miss South from Denham, 91 - 18 = 73, third. One old girl was at least allowed a first foursome prize, Miss Jessie Firth partnering Miss Estelle Hough, but Miss Mellis and Miss Rieben, daughters of Scottish and Welsh International mothers respectively, showed what the present generation can do by being second at all square.



At the West of Scotland Championship at Cardross: A group including Miss Jean McCulloch (the holder), Mrs. George Coats, Mrs. Greenlees, Miss Strain, and Mrs. Andrew Holm, Scottish champion. Mrs. Holm, who was secretary of the event, was unfortunately unable to compete



WILLS'S
**GOLD
FLAKE
SATISFY**

THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Narrow brims, or none at all, is Fashion's edict with regard to autumn headwear. Bands of velour make the beret on the left, velour the one next to it; felt is used for the model on the right, while the one with the shallow crown is of beaver felt. At Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W. (See page ii)

Length and Line.

THE great Parisian dressmakers are showing their autumn collections, but some of the models are so bizarre that they are being rejected by the leaders of fashion. The line of the corsages and the length of the skirts are the most important things to be considered; when these are right Fashion allows women a free hand. It is universally acknowledged that as far as evening dresses are concerned they will clear the ground all round. Peter Robinson's (Oxford Street, W.) collection is of great interest. The medieval influence is noticeable in many of the creations, and in others the princess. As the straight narrow belt is the reverse of becoming, a new note is adopted, and that is the corsages are arranged with a slight dip in front and the waist-line is raised $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the hips at the sides.

For Formal Functions.

As winter is the time for formal functions, Peter Robinson's are showing some veritable triumphs of the dressmaker's art. A tall woman would look remarkably well in a black faille evening dress. The corsage is of medieval conception relieved with touches of crystal; two bands ($\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wide) spring from the centre of the neck-line, are passed over the shoulders where they encounter other bands, and are woven into a wide-mesh lattice. The skirt is reminiscent of a fishwife's, being turned up in front, thereby revealing an underskirt, but the ends, instead of forming a bustle at the back, are permitted to fall with artistic negligence at the sides. It is no misprint but a fact that a gladioli-red

romaine dress annexed a black, red, and gold calendered brocade coat lined with black. This process, so far as I know, has never been applied to brocade before; it gives the impression that the material has been waxed. There is a new chiffon brocade with a metal thread; it is remarkably supple, and as a consequence drapes beautifully.

A New Colour.

Another *chef d'œuvre* that is sure to arouse much discussion, if only on account of its colour, is expressed in velvet. I think the shade might be achieved by mixing coffee and cream together and then adding a dash of mulberry juice; it is elusive and lovely. The bodice is pointed and semi-fitting and relieved with insertions of brocade; the skirt falls in graceful folds, is very full, and innocent of all decoration. A model in which I should like to see Doris Keane (it might well be called Romance) has a corsage of gold brocade; there is a narrow black velvet belt, below which peeps out a miniature frill of the former fabric; the wide black velvet skirt is cut in two, as it were, by an insertion of gold brocade, the scheme being completed with a black velvet monkey-jacket. A graceful black lace and crêpe de chine frock in which the slender silhouette is maintained is accompanied by a three-quarter lace coat; there is a narrow cassock collar and panel of crêpe de chine down the back. Then about six inches before the hem is reached a broad band of monkey fur is introduced.

The Princess Silhouette.

Part from these medieval dresses in Peter Robinson's collection there are those with the princess outline; there is the slip, as it were, which is decorated in a variety of ways. For instance, there is to be seen a model carried out in shot-green taffetas; the front is innocent of all decoration, nevertheless at the sides and back flounces are arranged in pagoda formation. Another model is composed of rows of black, beige, and blue Valenciennes laces; the corsage is mounted on flesh-pink tulle, and the skirt on uncrushable black net. No



This simple frock is as appropriate for sports as for house wear. Lilla, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W., has made it of mélange cloth, finished stockinette. (See page ii)

(Continued on p. ii)

Women are more beautiful these days thanks to Pond's



SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

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Now take a pad of cotton wool, soak it in *Pond's Skin Freshener*, and pat it briskly on the face. This mild astringent is wonderfully exhilarating, and brings a glow of natural colour to the cheeks. Follow this with a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to protect the delicate skin from dust and the weather and to give it an attractive bloom, to which powder clings evenly and lastingly, and your toilet is complete.

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Complete Method of Skin Care..

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION--continued

one could fail to be enchanted with a dress made of midnight-blue lozenge-shaped sequins (each sequin is put on by hand). Its innate charm is its graceful lines, with which nothing is allowed to interfere. It is in the model department that these dresses may be seen as well as a host of others that are available for the modest sum of 7½ guineas. No one must leave these salons without seeing the skating dresses, as they are as simple as they are practical; some of them are made of a new Lyons velvet; it is said that should a cup of tea be upset over it there are no ill-effects.

Lovely Studio Suits.

To talk about pyjamas in general is as vague as to say that a man is something in the City, as there are different kinds for every occasion. The most interesting are those that are now known by the name of studio suits, especially when they bear the name of Ciella. She is a true artist and a past-master in the art of blending colours. There is the *chef d'œuvre* with the pyjama portion cut on the same lines as a one-piece ski-ing suit; the colour is bright cerise, the short coat being of a deep Burgundy shade. It is also made in black velvet with a white coat; the effect is wonderful. Destined to be carried with these suits are chiffon handkerchiefs—they are quite three-quarters of a yard square; they are works of art, and in Paris cost about 400 to 500 francs; they are slipped through a bracelet loosely knotted.

Fashions in "Charlot's Masquerade."

The fashions in *Charlot's Masquerade* at the Cambridge Theatre are perfectly lovely, especially those in the Snowdrop Scene, which are of a bygone period; Gordon Conway is indeed to be warmly congratulated, for not only did she design the dresses but the scenery, and for the former she chose Celanese materials. As a matter of fact nearly all the dresses in this revue are made of Celanese fabrics. Taffeta, satin, crêpe, suède, and locknit are among those on which a toll has been levied. In "I fell for You" number Constance Carpenter is seen in a white georgette frock in which the slender outline is maintained; it is moulded over the hips and is full below; this however is not noticeable until she dances.

The Touch of Red.

The skating dresses designed by Gordon Conway are very fascinating; the coats have small basques which are held in position by narrow belts caught with buckles. Beatrice Lillie's is of an exquisite pink-red begonia shade, while those

of the chorus are of white lined with red, with the result that there is a lovely sheen, indeed they suggest snow on which the sun is setting.

New Notes in Headgear.

The béret has taken a new lease of life, and may be studied in many guises at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W. To this firm must be given the credit of those illustrated on the top of p. 560. The one on the extreme left is made of narrow

bands of black velour mounted on black net; as will at once be realized, it can be arranged in a variety of ways; it is as soft as possible. The one next to it is of fawn velour, and as will be seen, frames the face in a particularly becoming manner. As there are many women who prefer a brim, it is introduced in the hat on the extreme right, the crown being gartered with stitched felt finished with a bow. The last, but by no means the least attractive of the quartette, has a very shallow crown, the brim caressing the face.

The Countyx Coat.

It is not likely that anyone will omit a wrap-coat from their dress budget this season, as it is one of those things that it is impossible to do without. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Countyx coat, as the cut is the acme of perfection; it is smart, and as it is made of weatherproofed tweed the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on it. There are many styles, some trimmed with fur and some innocent of it; they are from 4½ guineas, and are sold practically everywhere, nevertheless should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Countyx, 3, Vere Street, W., who will send the name of the nearest agent. The model pictured on this page, which represents the acme of smartness, may be seen in the salons of Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, S.W.; of it one may become the possessor for 12½ guineas. There is much discussion regarding outfits for flying; those who have their own 'planes and are in the air for a few hours only have come to the conclusion that a weatherproof tweed coat with leather helmet is ideal, and of course they are in favour of the Countyx coat.

What Every Woman Needs.

Every woman needs a dress like the one pictured on p. 560; it comes from the Lilla Salons, 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.; it is as appropriate for sports as for house wear, indeed there are few occasions when it will not look well. It is made of a new fabric known by the name of melangé cloth finished stockinette and is non-fluff. Made to measure in a variety of colours, it is £4 19s. 6d., or in plain Botany stockinette, in sixteen colours, it is £4 14s. 6d., outsizes extra. It is indeed a case of good wine needing no bush; one will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Lilla is a past mistress in the art of renovations and remodelling.



AN AUTUMN COUNTYX COAT

Carried out in weatherproof tweed reinforced with a fur collar. It may be seen in the salons of Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, S.W. The strappings on the sleeves and collar are decidedly novel



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Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

iii

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will be sent upon request.*

*The Hat and Muff to
match shown above are
made in frayed Silk.*

The Copper-haired Girl—continued

at a marble-topped table. After all, it was better this way. He was not anxious for a scene with one of his own underlings so long as there were subtler methods of going to work.

From his place in the window he could see without being seen. The two were disputing angrily. The girl seemed to be on the point of leaving when the landlord beckoned to her from beside the bar. She rose quickly and went over to him. What he said was for her ear alone, but from time to time he looked meaningly at Don Francisco. The girl followed his glance and seemed to hesitate.

At this point Juanico got up from his chair and stalked across the room. He seized the girl by the arm and began to pull her back towards the table. With a scornful cry of "Tu, animal," she wrenched herself free and turned towards Don Francisco.

Juanico turned also, and caught sight of his master for the first time. For a second he seemed ready to accept defeat—then, as his eye fell again upon the girl, he took a half-step forward and fumbled with his right hand in his pocket.

The landlord and the waiter flung themselves upon him simultaneously, with a promptitude which hinted that the situation was not new in their experience. The whole café leapt to its feet. The knife was kicked from Juanico's hand and slid across the floor towards Don Francisco. Without ostentation he put his foot on it.

Juanico was a strong man. His ultimate disposal might have presented difficulties but for the two policemen who happened to be patrolling the street. With a generous disinterestedness Don Francisco explained the situation. The cause of the trouble—one of his own peons—was an honest fellow, but to-night he had drunk too plentifully. There had been an argument between him and a workman, which had led to blows. For Juanico, with their approval, he would suggest a night in the cells to cool his head, and liberty on the morrow. And since no one was hurt and the name of Lopez y Velarde was a sufficient guarantee of truth, and particularly because Don Francisco was careful to keep his foot on the knife, the policemen respectfully agreed.

The last sight which met Juanico's eyes before he was dragged from the café, was of Anita standing in silence near Don Francisco's table. He was at least spared the humiliation of seeing her go to his master.

When the nerves and the senses are jaded, it is a fine tonic to take a ride through your own cattle-pastures. It was the purest pleasure

that Don Francisco knew, though admittedly increasing bulk and shortage of wind caused him to enjoy it less every year.

On this particular afternoon he rode alone, with his left-hand on the reins, and in his right the indispensable *pica*—a light wooden lance with a steel point which serves to fend off the bulls should they come too close. But they rarely attack a rider, believing, in their simplicity, that the combination of horse and man is harmless—a belief which is not destroyed until those ultimate minutes in the bull-ring.

Don Francisco was content. The unfortunate evening in Madrid had been followed by others in which his animals had behaved more in accord with their reputation. For the rest of the season he was supplying bulls in a third of the arenas of Spain. Never had he been more prosperous, nor more highly esteemed as a breeder.

He entered the field—though the word is hardly adequate for a pasture which stretches three miles in either direction—in which were kept the best of his five-year-olds. These were of particular interest to him, since they would furnish most of the material for the coming fights. As he trotted slowly across a group of the beasts moved towards him, more curious than hostile. He noted with pride their tremendous shoulders, the muscled contours of their bodies tapering harmoniously back to the comparatively slender hindquarters. They were all power and mobility—the noblest animals on earth. Yet what fools they could be made to look by a good *torero*!

The little group suddenly ceased their advance and wheeled round to watch something that was coming up behind them. Don Francisco looked also. A new bull was galloping over the pasture—a black monster beside which the five-year-olds appeared striplings.

Don Francisco's first feeling was of astonishment. He had no such bull on his ranch. Then he remembered—the bull, unmistakably, was Chico II, he whom they had not killed at Seville, and who was now kept in the *corral*, with a paddock of his own, since he would not tolerate younger rivals. He was of great value as a stud animal, but because of his age he was dangerous, and trebly so for having once been in the bull-ring.

He came so quickly that Don Francisco had no time to turn his horse. He drove the spurs into its flanks and set off at a gallop for the farther limit of the pasture. One thought drummed through his head. How had Chico II got loose?

The Andalusian horse is not slow, but a bull gallops faster. Supposing that Don Francisco could reach the distant fence, he would certainly not have time to open the gate and get through. Then he observed that a man was standing there. He shouted and waved his lance, but the man did not move. Don Francisco saw that it was Juanico.

(Continued on p. vii)

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The Copper-haired Girl—continued

They were two hundred yards away now, with the bull galloping alongside. In a few instants it would have gained sufficient distance to be able to charge in from the flank. With the shut gate always before him Don Francisco resolved on a desperate expedient. Reigning in his horse, he grasped the *pica* firmly in his right hand and leaned over in the saddle to meet the bull's charge.

At the moment of impact he planted the steel point a little behind the shoulder-blades and perhaps a foot to one side of the backbone. It was a thrust that any professional picador might be proud of. But he had not the strength to hold off that half-ton mass of bone and sinew. As his arm was forced back, the bull drove its horns into the horse's flank. The horse reared and toppled over sideways, with Don Francisco underneath.

Juanico had opened the gate and come into the pasture. He was perhaps the only *peon* on the ranch who had no fear of Chico II, for it was he who had charge of the bull.

He approached the strange heap sprawled upon the grass like a group of tragic statuary. The horse, with a great tear in its right flank, was kicking in a vain attempt to rise. The bull, who bore it no particular enmity, had moved round and was thrusting at the man underneath. It was Juanico's desire to have a final word with Don Francisco before the beast finished its work.

"Chico!" he called, "Chico, little bull of my heart!"

The bull heard and raised its head.

Juanico came close and slapped it hard upon the flank.

"Go now," he said in a coaxing voice.



AT NORTH BERWICK: THE HON. MICHAEL STRUTT AND LADY HELEN PRIMROSE

The Hon. Michael Strutt is Lady Rosebery's younger son by her first marriage. Lady Helen Primrose is Lord Rosebery's daughter

"Go now, and wait. You shall kill him later."

The bull lowered its horns, as though to deliver a final thrust. Then, like a reluctant child, it left its victim and moved away a few paces. The horse struggled to its feet and cantered off, snorting with pain and terror.

As for Don Francisco, he lay very still upon the bruised grass, with his left arm twisted under him. To tell the truth, his back had been broken by the fall—broken, that is, except for a narrow thread of fibre which was now his sole link with life. He recognized Juanico.

"Who let that bull out?" he asked in a feeble voice, mechanically framing the question which for the last ten minutes had filled his mind.

"I did," said Juanico, stooping down so that his words should reach the dying man. "It is not Chico who has killed you. It is I. A fit vengeance, master."

"Vengeance for what?" whispered Don Francisco.

"Anita," said Juanico simply. "The copper-haired girl in Madrid. Perhaps you thought she was a woman of the streets. She was not—she was mine. But that evening we had quarrelled."

"The copper-haired girl?" repeated Don Francisco, in tones that were scarcely audible. "That wild-cat? She would have none of me. Besides . . . I had quite forgotten. . . . You fool, Juanico, you fool."

He made an effort to raise himself, then sank back quietly on the grass.

Chico II came up softly and nuzzled against his keeper. But whether he thought "We did right," or whether he echoed the master's last words, none but himself can know.

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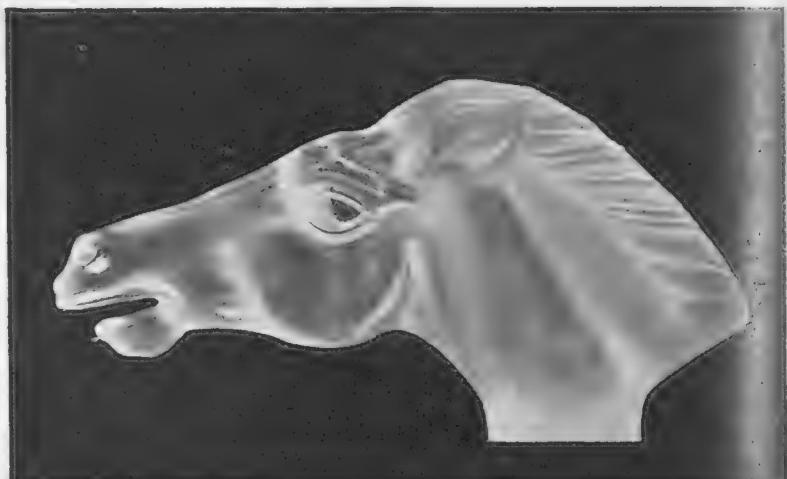
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Your face is pasty. Your eyes are heavy. Life is one constant effort. And yet you are content to muddle on with unsuspected constipation

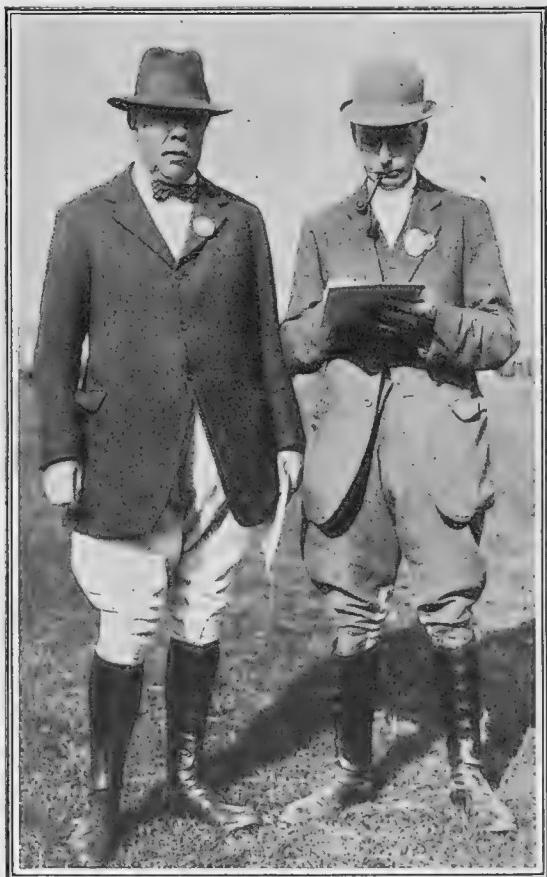
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Polo Notes—continued

that if these things had not happened and we had been able to play the team which America originally selected for us — Captain George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back) — and had we been able to keep that team together and make no changes, we might have started on more level terms with our adversaries; but from a variety of causes that was not made possible. In England Captain George had a temporary lapse from form, and was also not in the best of health on his arrival from India, and he was dropped until just before the team left, and Mr. L. L. Lacey, another ex-International, was the obvious next man in. How well Mr. Lacey has justified his choice is history, and in this first International he went as well in the front end of our team as we have seen him do in the position to which he is most accustomed — back. Then in America Captain George again went amiss, and it would have been an undoubted risk to play a man not in the best of health, so that a few days before the date Captain Tremayne was left woefully short of material, for his reserve was practically all gone and even Mr. J. B. Balding, whom he had invited to join the "camp," and contemplated playing No. 1, was put out of action by a fall, which as nearly as made no matter, broke his collar-bone, and the whole formation had to be re-arranged. Mr. H. P. Guinness, who was one of the "originals" and had shown himself in great form in America since our team had arrived, was at once put in back, and Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Lacey were then made the spear-head — the only one whose position was unaltered was Captain Roark. Major Leonard Avery, who is writing the



MAJOR G. C. S. HODGSON, M.H., AND
THE REV. E. A. MILNE, M.F.H.

At the Dorchester Show last week, where they judged the jumping classes. Mr. Milne has been Master of the Cattistock for thirty seasons. Major Hodgson is Master of the Sparkford Vale Harriers

International series for "The Daily Telegraph," cabled to that paper on September 4: "It can hardly be expected that these four men, fine players though they are, can give as good a display of team-work as if they had been working together for a longer spell." That combination was in the field for the first time on August 31. The handicap, of course, is obvious. Yet in that game, on August 31, that formation seemed to knit very quickly. Mr. Lacey was first of all put back; then in the second half Mr. Guinness was brought into that position, Mr. Lacey put up No. 2, and Mr. Gerald Balding No. 1 in place of his brother, Mr. J. B. Balding. At the moment of writing there is no news as to whether Captain Tremayne contemplates a further rearrangement, or what it will be if he does. It is probable, I should think, that he may leave things as they are, for the dropping of Mr. Balding and the re-instatement of Captain George would seem to be the only possible change. I think it might be an advantage if this were done.

* * *

It is possible that this may happen, for I have had the following cable from my friend "Eye-Witness":

A splendid game. Roark and Lacey were superb, and Guinness capable after a shaky start. Balding was out of his place and was very poor. Hopping was the star of the American side. The English ponies held their own very well.

Captain Tremayne said to an interviewer after the match that he was by no means down-hearted about our chances in the second match on Wednesday (September 10), and I think he has every reason to take that view, for there was very little in it either way. If Captain George is fit enough to play No. 1 it may just turn the scale.

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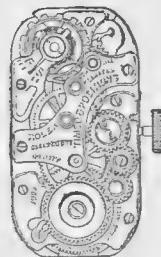
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MR. AND MRS. J. G. SEDDON BROWN

Miss Irene Violet Bersi, the daughter of Mr. A. Bersi of Southport, was recently married to Mr. James Geoffrey Seddon Brown, the son of Lieut.-Colonel N. Seddon Brown of Bank Hall, Tarleton, near Preston.

yet, between Mr. Edward Harold Davies, Ceylon Civil Service, and Miss Joan Harris, the younger daughter of Engineer-Captain H. W. Harris, O.B.E., R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Harris of Kingsdown, Deal.

Weddings and Engagements

Marrying Abroad.

Captain Ross Cosens Howman, 1st Battalion 20th Burma Rifles, the only son of Mr. M. Langston Howman and Mrs. Howman of Edendale, Perth, is marrying Miss Cecil Isobel Elles, the younger daughter of Mr. E. H. Elles of 79, Onslow Square, S.W.; the marriage will take place shortly at Taiping (Federated Malay States). The marriage arranged between Lieut.-Commander Dennis Friedberger, Royal Navy, and Miss Eleanor L. Renton is to take place in November at Hong Kong. The marriage will take place in Ceylon, but the date is not fixed.



MR. AND MRS. G. G. BOYD

Who were married on September 1. Mr. G. G. Boyd, who used to be in the Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. Robert Boyd, and Mrs. Boyd was formerly Miss Mary Johnson, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Lorraine House, Bath.

Recently Engaged.

Paymi-Lieut. C.A. Herdman, R.N., the younger son of Captain J. C. Herdman, D.L., and Mrs. Herdman of Sion House and Camus, Strabane, co. Tyrone, and Miss Joan Dalrymple Tennant, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Tennant of Dalarne, Rhu, Dumbartonshire; Flight-Lieut. Patrick G. Chichester, R.A.F., elder son of Mr. Geo. Chichester of Chelfham, Stoke Rivers, N. Devon, and Miss Gladys E. V. C. Barnes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barnes of Exeter; Mr. Daniel Stewart, B.Sc., F.I.C., only son of Mr.

and Mrs. H. I. Stewart of Dunfermline, and Miss Eileen Mary Doveton Moody, elder daughter of Mrs. A. K. Johnston and the late Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Moody, C.B.E., T.D., J.P., C.C., of Stourbridge.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. W. A. WHITEHEAD

Who were married on August 16 at Kashmir. Captain Whitehead is in the 1st Punjab Regiment, and his wife was formerly Miss Constance Dulcie Crouch, and is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Crouch, 160, Kensington Park Road, W.

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The only safe method of marking linen. Woven on fine cambric tape in fast colours: Red, Black, Green, Gold, Helio, Sky and Navy Blue Lettering.

From all Drapers and Outfitters.

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J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. H. 2), COVENTRY





"4711"
EAU DE COLOGNE
In various sizes, either plain or sprinkler top. 2/6, 4/9, 8/9, 10/6, 14/-, 15/-, 30/-, 36/- and 56/- per bottle.



COLD CREAM

For use before retiring. To build up and preserve the skin tissues. Perfumed with Attar of Roses. Pots 1/6 and 2/6. Tubes 1/- each.



FACE POWDER
Perfumed with "4711." In all fashionable shades. 1/3 per box.



VANISHING CREAM

Perfect for use as a foundation for "4711" Toilet Powders. In pots 2/- and in tubes 1/- each. (Sample tube 6d.)

Whatever the mode of the season or the mood of the moment, the cultured woman is an artist in retaining her personal charm, vivacity, self-confidence. To her the fascinating "4711" Eau de Cologne is among the finer things of life, gloriously refreshing and exhilarating in all moments, in all moods. The superb fragrance, its zest giving stimulus,

impart just "the little more" verve that emphasizes the social graces. And then, the series of delightful "4711" Eau de Cologne Toiletries, perfumed with the fragrance of genuine "4711." They and all the beauty aids of "4711" repute are the choice of the experienced woman—but she always looks for the distinctive Blue and Gold Label.

BATH SALTS

Softens hard water,
Perfumed with "4711."
In jars 1/6 and 2/6.
Extra large size 3/9.

TOILET SOAP

Pure and super-fatted.
Perfumed with "4711"
Eau de Cologne. 2/- per box of 3 tablets.

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Superfine. Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne. In Blue and Gold tins 1/3 each.

8°4711.
Eau de Cologne

ALL "4711" PREPARATIONS ARE EASILY RECOGNISED BY THE BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Pictures in the Fire—continued

“In the tropical waters of the Pacific,” says O. W. Torrenson, the navigator and executive officer of the exploration ship *Carnegie*, “was found a belt of water 100 miles wide, and extending from 300 to 1,000 ft. below the surface. In this belt no life was found, and it is believed it provides a great obstacle to the movement of ocean creatures in the lower water levels.” Although a few inches of water are really sufficient for the purpose, it is nice to know that there is this 1,000 ft. of water in which nothing can live, for we never know when we may be able to utilize it to attend to some of the persons whose one aim and object seems to be to make England a C-3 power.

* * *

Major Van der Byl, who is running the anti-trapping campaign entirely at his own expense and unaided by the R.S.P.C.A., whose job I should have imagined it was, and certainly is, writes me, “I am so glad you have put in a word on behalf of the badger. There is a story in the same issue of THE TATLER, August 27, called ‘The Perilous Night,’ describing a trapped female leopard suckling its cub. I would like to comment on this, as the story is very true to life with the exception perhaps of the leopard’s escape, which is not probable, as the steel jaws of a trap never relax, but bite deeper and deeper into the flesh and bone. There are always countless mothers of the wild amongst trapped animals, and I believe there are many acts of heroism on record of these poor tortured things dragging the logs, to which the traps are attached, long distances back to their young in order to suckle them in their agony. If women only knew this I don’t think they would so light-heartedly wear furs which have been caught in traps, but would demand those obtained by humane methods.”

* * *

This letter from Mrs. Macqueen-Ferguson of Duthieston, Dunblane, Perthshire, is interesting in view of what I have said, and other people have said, about the “work” of the R.S.P.C.A.

I was delighted to see your notes in THE TATLER, both as regards Major Van der Byl’s Anti-Trapping Crusade and with regard to the export of horses. I wrote to you a few years ago on this subject, and we are still “hammering-away” on the block of Parliamentary indifference, surmounted by whitewash! The attitude of the R.S.P.C.A. seems to be that all is well if Government officials say so, but we in Scotland are not quite so credulous, and I have been making investigations on my own, when in Paris in May, and I took out two pistols—a Cash and Temple-Cox—for use in the slaughter-house of La Villette at a demonstration which had been organized for April 29. I left them on my way through Paris, and on my return early in May was glad

to see from the Press of the 30th that the demonstration had evoked much interest, and the French themselves do not hesitate to say that their abattoirs are “the shame of Paris”! I am a member of the French Society (rue de Grenelle), so have been working from that end too, and I hear that the Prefect of Police, who has control of Vaugirard, has given an order that all slaughterers are to use the humane killer for horses, but I fear to attach much importance to that, as they will evade it unless watched. When in London lately I called twice on Miss Cole, who works so nobly in this cause, and I gave her all the information I’ve collected in Paris. If the cuttings I have from the French Press would be of any service they are at your disposal, but I wish to preserve the originals. I had a long interview with Mr. Kelland on June 16, who is chief veterinary officer, and he announced that humane slaughtering is compulsory in Holland and in Belgium. The former I knew about—in public abattoirs at any rate—but in Belgium I hear this law is paid no attention to. In any case, as you quoted from one of your correspondents, a horse may be worked if a working licence is taken out, and slaughtered at a later date, and in some out-of-the-way place. It is very peculiar why facilities are not given by our Government for the second reading of the Bill (Mr. Broad’s), and it is supposed that Mr. Macquisten, M.P. for Argyll, was purposely extra garrulous in order to waste the time that had been set aside for the Bill—in Feb. I think!

With apologies for so long a letter; but I was so glad to see you “at them again” on this very important subject, and after Mr. Gilbey’s recent disclosures one must not let public feeling cool down.

I have just sent money to an Anti-Steel-Tooth Trap Committee at 36, Gordon Square, W.C. 1, or I should have sent to Major Van der Byl. Surely it would be better if he and they worked in conjunction?

* * *

I am asked to announce that the annual dinner and dance of the XVth King’s Hussars Old Comrades’ Association will be held at Harrod’s Restaurant, Knightsbridge, S.W., on Saturday, October 4, 1930, at 6.15 p.m. General Sir William Peyton, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., will take the chair. Tickets (members 3s. 6d., members’ wives 4s. 6d., officers and guests 6s.) can be obtained from Mr. E. Roberts, 1, Stanley Villas, Boundary Road, N. 22.

* * *

The Pony Turf Club, whose headquarters are Northolt Park, is going ahead and prospering, and in Captain Fawcett they have a particularly good man placed right as clerk of the course, for he happens to have the best asset of all for a job like this, personal experience as a G.R., and a good one at that. The stewards for the year are Sir William Bass, Major F. Stapleton Bretherton, Sir Delves Broughton, Captain E. A. Elgee, and Major-General C. L. Gregory. The October meetings, which begin on October 8, extend to six days in all, the last being the 27th, when “The Cambridgeshire” 1½ miles is run. Their Cesarewitch, 2 miles 1 furlong 63 yards, is run on the 20th.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it’s one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow’s Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow’s Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You’ll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow’s Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

“Luvisca” SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

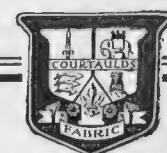
WHEN a busy man who is also a wise man needs Shirts or Pyjamas, he does not worry over such terms as “taste” or “strength,” or “good fit.” He just says “LUVISCA”—and so makes certain of everything that to him means good dress. There are colours to satisfy every liking and desire.

SOLD by Leading Hosiers, Out-fitters and Stores.

LOOK FOR THE REGD. TAB.



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A. R. THOMSON

Women . . . they fly well . . . shoot
well . . . play well . . . drive well
buy well . . . consistently choosing



No dearer than ordinary petrol

PRATTS MOTOR OIL "STOPS THE BEARINGS WEARING"

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The autumn show season is on us again, and the ball is opened by the Show of the Scottish Kennel Club in Edinburgh on October 1 and 2, followed by the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace on October 8 and 9. Entries for these shows close respectively on September 16 and 22. Either of these shows will repay a visit.

* * * * *

Lady Faudel-Phillips is an instance of hereditary taste in breeds. Her grandmother, Lady Huntley, owned the first chows ever imported into this country. Her mother also had a strong kennel, while her daughter, Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips is a popular and capable judge of the breed. The names of the good dogs Lady Faudel-Phillips has bred and owned would fill a volume. The two whose photographs she sends are of the younger generation. Ch. Peng Tse of Amwell is only sixteen months old and bred by owner. He has had a wonderful career.



TSUNA OF RIU GU

The property of Mrs. Craufurd

He came out at Cruft's this year when nine months old, and has won thirty-nine firsts, twelve seconds, fourteen specials, three championships, and two reserve championships at ten shows. Blue Bird of Li Moon is six years old. Bred by Mrs. Wheeler and bought by Lady Faudel-Phillips. Has been shown twelve times during the last year and has won fifteen firsts, nine seconds, and has been twice reserve champion to her kennel companion, Ch. Hildewell Chincherinchee. Lady Faudel-Phillips has some very fine puppies for sale at very reasonable prices. Two blue dogs nine months old, two black dogs by Ch. Pu An of Amwell, three months old, and several reds of both sexes. She will send all particulars to anyone



BLUE BIRD OF LI MOON

The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

interested if they will write to her to Balls Park, Hertford. Chows are particularly good dwellers in towns, as they can take care of themselves, and seem the only dogs who have realized the danger of motor traffic. How often does one see the chow sitting on his doorstep calmly surveying the passers-by with an aloof expression, or threading his way unconcerned through the traffic on his way to his daily walk in the park?

* * * * *

It is often difficult to know what to do with our canine friend when visiting, especially in these days of motor journeys: the pleasure of the going is much enhanced by the presence of one's dog companion, but there are places where he is not welcome, strange as it appears to one. It is especially useful to know of a place in Scotland, as one is far from one's "base," and it is unthinkable to leave the dog at home. This is one of the many wants met by Mrs. Craufurd's boarding kennel at Rumbling Bridge. She will take a dog for a few days, and many people avail themselves of this. She also has a permanent boarding kennel; it is in the midst of Colonel Haig's estate, far from the

main roads and motors. She has accommodation for all breeds, large and small. She will also take dogs belonging to residents in Scotland who are wintering abroad. Mrs. Craufurd is always pleased to show the kennels to anyone. She has had Japs for many years, so is experienced in toy dogs. She sends a photograph of a dog pup who is for sale. The Japs do well in the healthy climate and are all winners. In addition Mrs. Craufurd is going in for dandies, and is founding a kennel of Scottish terriers, so there is plenty of hope for the future.

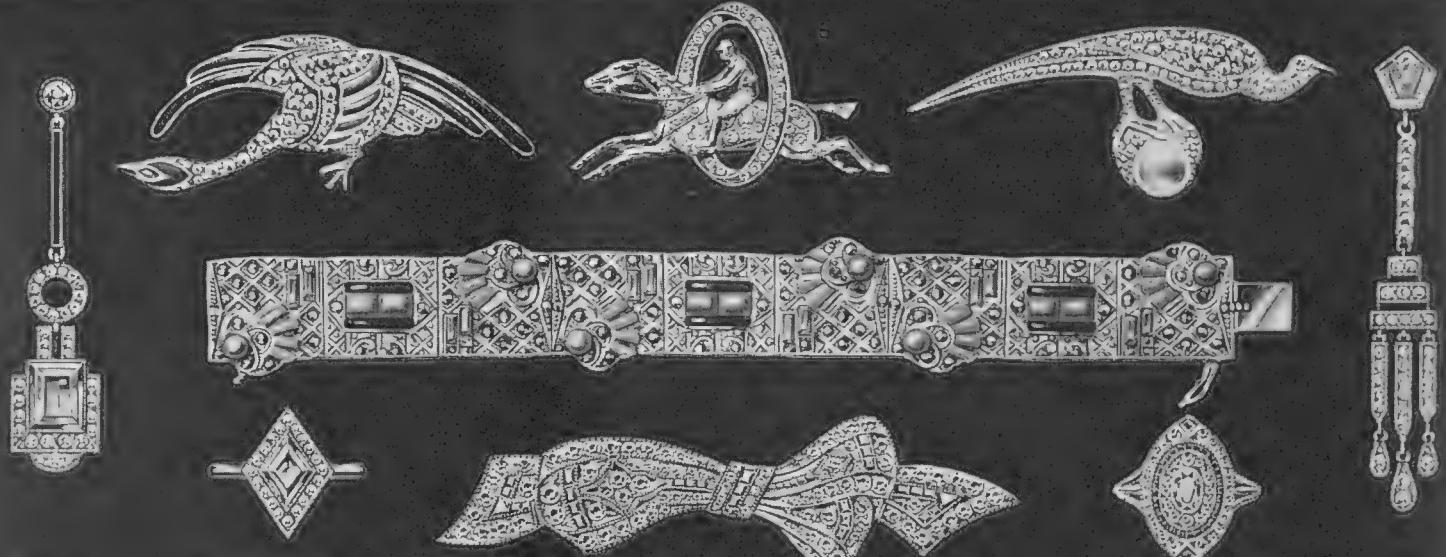
* * * * *

All letters to be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CH. PENG TSE OF AMWELL

The property of Mrs. Faudel-Phillips



Jewels that you will be proud to possess at prices that you can afford to pay.

"Lotus-Flower" Jewellery represents the acme of art in reproduction. The illustrations shown here give an idea of the variety and skill which make "Lotus" designs so attractive. "Lotus-Flower" Jewellery is on sale at fashionable shops and stores everywhere.

LOTUS FLOWER JEWELLERY

—and there are also "Lotus" Pearls. Ask your jeweller to show you a selection.

These superb examples of artificial pearls are practically indistinguishable from natural pearls, and priced from 10/6 to Ten Guineas. In case of difficulty in procuring "Lotus" pearls, send the name and address of your jeweller to:—

MAURICE LIPKIN & CO.,
(Dept. 1),
270-271, Broad Street, Birmingham.



FOR FALSE TEETH

MILTON cleans your false teeth perfectly in every detail. It makes them look and feel superbly clean. It thoroughly disinfects them.

With MILTON there is no danger of your appearance being ruined by dull, discoloured teeth. With MILTON there is no danger of a dirty plate causing infection to the rest of your system.

If you've never tried it, get a bottle to-day. Then just add $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of the MILTON to $\frac{1}{2}$ a tumbler of water and leave your plate in the solution overnight or while you dress.

Yes, it's as simple as that.

And it cannot possibly injure a good plate.

You can get MILTON from any chemist for 6d., 1/-, 1/6 or 2/6 a bottle.

MILTON
IS THE PERFECT
CLEANSER

READ THE BOOK THAT COMES WITH THE BOTTLE

Transported on a Magic Carpet

Some of the Miracles of Radio Revealed

By EAMON GARRY

As great as its discovery, is the development of radio, as the Radio Exhibition this month will demonstrate. This year's exhibition celebrates the tenth anniversary of the first broadcast concert; ten years ago Melba's luscious voice was heard, in "Home Sweet Home," coming uncannily out of nowhere. That was in 1920, and Melba is the first British radio star. On that occasion she was heard by about twelve hundred listeners, using crude crystal sets complete with "cat's-whiskers" and ear-phones. To-day 12,000,000 listen-in regularly on four-valved portables, all-mains electric sets, and radio-gramophones of magnificent construction. At Olympia this Celebration Exhibition, from the 19th to 27th, will literally be a nine-days' wonder during which the great building in West London will be transformed, by a touch of the magic fingers of radio, into a Palace of Miracles to tour which will be as fascinating an adventure as any Aladdin's lamp could reveal.

In the mighty strides of its development radio has covered an amazing distance along the road of progress since Melba's golden notes unlocked a magic casement for millions to look out over a fairyland of music and drama. And what radio has done in its first decade is eloquently suggestive of what the next ten years will take from its unclenching hand. Some hints of those future gifts will be found on each of the 400 stands that cover the entire floor space of the Main Hall, overflow into its galleries, and engulf the new Empire Hall at Olympia.

There is a ten-year bridge spanning the hiatus between the crystal sets of the Melba inauguration and a certain wonderful radio-gramophone apparatus which will be one of the Olympian high-lights. It is beyond the mind of this writer to conceive of any further development that this particular *de luxe* set can require. It is an all-main electric set that can be plugged in to the ordinary domestic lighting equipment of any voltage and any current. It will pick up with flawless selectivity the programmes of fifty-three stations, from Moscow to San Francisco. It has a gramophone pick-up and can reproduce with convincing realism the best recorded music. It has a record carrier that contains twenty-four full-sized records. It has an apparatus that changes these records automatically as well as a self-changing gadget for the needles. It also has an attachment by which the owner can make his own gramophone records. What an amazing development in ten years—as great as its discovery is the development of radio!

Radio manufacturers of to-day are more than engineers, they also have to be cabinet-makers and furniture experts. Some of the evidences of their ingenuity will be displayed at this great Celebration Exhibition. They have decided that not only has radio ceased to be a toy; it has ceased to be a mere adjunct to the home. It is now an essential part of the furnishings. Brides now insist on a radio set when their first home is being furnished, just as ten years ago a piano was insisted upon. Builders are erecting houses with radio wiring carefully laid in advance and loud-speakers built in the walls. The modern radio set is as good to the eye as to the ear. It is contained in a highly-furnished cabinet of chaste design and with its dials and knobs concealed.

At the Celebration Exhibition will be sets in the raw—they are ready to be completed to the purchaser's instructions. This enables the set to fit in with existing styles in the home; it can be lacquered to harmonize with the colour scheme and cabined to conform to the period scheme of the furniture, such as Jacobean, Queen Anne, Sheraton, etc.

This particular development is the result of female influence. Olympia will have sets-appeal and sex-appeal. Women have become radio enthusiasts. Their preferences and prejudices have affected cabinet construction. The house-proud woman will not have a gaunt wood box, oozing wires, and a dozen holes with numerous knobs and disfiguring dials, spoiling the appearance of her drawing-room. She wants radio but she wants it tidy.

At the Celebration Exhibition will be seen numerous effects of this feminine influence. There will be a clock, as big as the ordinary "Presentation" clock, of inlaid mahogany. Below its face is a tiny panel which, when suddenly open, reveals the three tuning dials of a radio set that is also within the clock. Being made of finely honeycombed aluminium the clock face conceals the speaker without smothering its utterances. This clock, standing on any mantel-piece, is a decorative credit to the room, and while ornamental, has a dual usefulness.

Sets will be exhibited that are capable of being built into any item of existing furniture that is suitable. One such can be built into the glove-box on a hall-stand. Another is disguised as four leather-bound volumes which can stand with perfect camouflage in any bookcase. Yet another can be built into the drawer of a desk, bureau, or sideboard. The busy housewife can secure a work-basket, on a rose-tinted pedestal which has two half-lids—one, opened, reveals a pink-satin "Dorcas companion" of cottons, needles, silks, and all the paraphernalia of sewing; the other half-lid conceals a two-valve radio set!

I could continue like this for two TATLER pages giving you peeps into the marvels of this Palace of Miracles.

AGED AMONG THE HILLS OF ITS HIGHLAND HOME

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet
Distilleries, DUFFTOWN
82, Gordon Street, GLASGOW,
93, Gt. Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.3.
London Agents
for Grant's Liqueur Scotch;
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,
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TORQUAY

THE ENGLISH RIVIERA

There is no better place than Torquay
in Sunny South Devon for
AUTUMN HOLIDAYS or Residence

The Town enjoys the highest records of sunshine; faces due South, and is fully protected from the East winds. The Entertainments include a first-class Municipal Orchestra, Theatres, Cinemas, Ballroom, Lectures, Recitals, &c. Facilities for all outdoor Sports and Recreations are there, also the famous Bathing establishment with the most celebrated Spa Treatments and a

"VITA" GLASS SUN LOUNGE.

One need never have a
dull moment in Torquay!

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Official Guide free from J. M. Scott, Dept. TAT., Torquay, or
from any recognised Tourist and Travel Agency.

"ALL BRIGHT on the WESTERN FRONT"

STAND 55

OLYMPIA
RADIO
EXHIBITION
SEPTEMBER
19th—27th



K-B

AT ITS BEST

Silent, it has the charm of fine cabinet craftsmanship. Switched on, at a touch, for radio or gramophone music, it becomes a marvel of modern reproduction; living, real . . . Judge as you will, by ear or by eye — this is K-B at its best.

THERE ARE TWO MODELS OF THIS K-B RADIO GRAMOPHONE.
K-B188 designed for 100-120 volts A.C.
K-B189 designed for 200-240 volts A.C.
(40-60 CYCLES)

PRICE £95
(including valves and royalties)

For full information and catalogue of these and other instruments of the K-B range, write to Kolster-Brandes Ltd., Cray Works, Sidcup, Kent.

**Kolster-
Brandes**

Petrol Vapour—continued

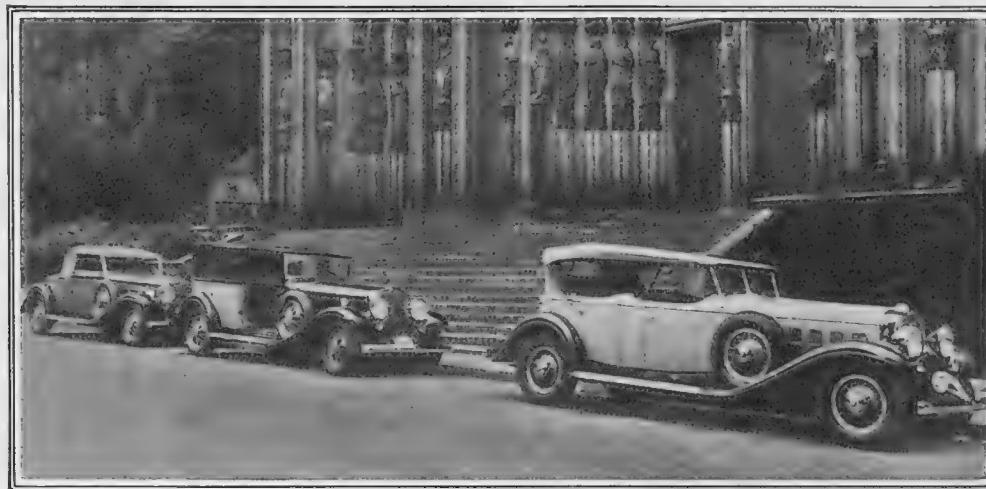
a Now-and-Then, otherwise his social position will be in danger. All jolly good for trade, and very nice too. Curiously enough such drops in prices that have been published, or that I have been able to get wind of, apply almost exclusively to cars which were already at a modest figure. When, I wonder, will the big fellows start coming down. True there is one make, and that a right good one, that appears to have had about 50 per cent. swiped off its cost, unless I have been deceived by a misprint; but I have a fancy that that is by way of being an exception. But the next busy week or two will tell us a lot more about these things. Meanwhile I do not think we have got much to complain about. All things considered, our car constructors are working miracles. They deserve more than just Mr. Snowden's leavings, and I am pleased indeed to see that they are getting it . . . from less tax-harried countries than this.

Sigⁿs and Portents.

You will perhaps remember that in a recent note I made an attack upon a "Danger" sign on a bridge across the Great West Road. It is only fair to let its sponsors tell their side of the question; therefore I quote from their courteous letter: "You are evidently unaware of the history which promoted our action in erecting this sign. The following are the number of our own employees who have been killed or injured outside our factory. One killed, three seriously injured. In addition there have been numerous other accidents on this part of the road, and our factory hospital has many times been used

to treat casualties. In our effort to get something done immediately to prevent the great number of accidents, we approached the local authorities, the local police, Scotland-Yard, the Middlesex C.C., and the Ministry of Transport, and the final result is the sign on the bridge which we ourselves have erected and maintained at our own expense. We quite agree with you that a sign of this sort would be needless if work-people exercised caution, but . . . however much caution is impressed on a number of work-people (in our case over a thousand), and whatever 'Safety First' education is done, some of them are still going to be careless. We erected a gate-house at the entrance to our factory in our efforts to help control outward traffic. As this was not sufficient we have endeavoured to warn outside traffic. Therefore, if by erecting this sign on the bridge we have safeguarded against the loss of life or injury to just one employée, we have, in our opinion, more than justified the existence of the sign, and the money we have spent in its erection and illumination." Now, with all respect to the Firestone Tyre Company,

I must state that my withers are unwrung. Just read that phrase beginning "but however much caution," etc., and let its purport sink in. Surely it rather suggests that the thing is useless. In any case it might be more effective if the Firestone work-people saw it well before they dived into the fast-flowing stream of Great West Road traffic. Do not imagine I misunderstand the excellent intentions of this company; but the sign would surely be more altruistic if half of its area were not a pure advertisement. Meanwhile, what is the logical conclusion? A ridiculous state of affairs in which every gateway, every front door that debouches on a roadway must carry a danger sign.



THE NEW SIXTEEN-CYLINDER CADILLAC

This photograph shows three of the new sixteen-cylinder Cadillac cars which are making a tour of Europe. The photograph was taken outside the cathedral at Cologne. This multi-cylinder car will be seen at the Motor Exhibition at Olympia



By Appointment to His Majesty the King

For the lean cruisers at Cowes,
the sleek carriages of Paris, for
the engines of eager aircraft, but one
oil is acknowledged worthy. Named
Castrol, it assumed leadership many
years ago. By sheer performance it attained
supremacy; by constant improvement
its pre-eminence is maintained by the
Britons who make it. Yet Castrol costs
no more than lesser oils—it is as popular
on the coast roads as in Piccadilly.

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2

As . Dependable . as . an . Austin

AUSTIN

THE LEADERS IN CAR VALUES

Olympia Prices

(effective Sept. 1st)

The heritage of leadership in the making of cars Austin.

Not alone because of past achievement, but an actuality to-day.

First in design which gives dependability.

First in beauty of line.

First with prices which are only possible through Austin organised production.

These prices are once again due to economies effected by that same Austin *organised production* . . . there is no reduction in quality of either material or workmanship which remain as ever of the highest standard known in the making of cars.

7 H.P.

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Saloon	£130 0 0	£140
Fabric Saloon	130 0 0	140
Tourer	122 10 0	130
2 seater	122 10 0	130

12 H.P.

Burnham Saloon...	299 0 0	320
Marlow Fabric		
Saloon 4 window	299 0 0	310
Wycombe Fabric		
Saloon 6 window	299 0 0	320
Watford Fabric		
Saloon	275 0 0	275
New Open Road		
Tourer 5 seater	275 0 0	255
Eton 2 seater	275 0 0	255

16 H.P.

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Burnham Saloon...	£335 0 0	£375
Beaconsfield Fabric		
Saloon 4 window...	335 0 0	365
Salisbury Fabric		
Saloon 6 window...	335 0 0	375
New Open Road		
Tourer 5 seater	310 0 0	310
Harrow 2 seater ...	310 0 0	310

20 H.P.

Ranelagh	575 0 0	630
Carlton Saloon ...	525 0 0	560
Marlborough		
Landaulet	525 0 0	560



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MOTOLUXE

Insist on the name and ask for the Foot Muffs that match..... 39/6

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OF
RUGS

OF ALL
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CAR CAMEOS

The Hillman Straight-Eight

The only thing that is at all difficult about the Straight-Eight Hillman Saloon is to understand how such an excellent motor-car can be produced in this tax-ridden country at anything like the price.

For a most excellent motor-car it is; perhaps the happiest medium between the touring car of luxury characteristics and the hot-stuff "thruster" that I have ever come across. No one can complain that Britain is not pulling her weight in the automobile market when, at the almost ludicrous price of £415, he can have one of the most advanced cars in the world, that will give him not only a high performance in every quality but will also afford him all the comfort and accommodation that he could reasonably want.

One of the charms about this car which has strongly appealed to me after about 500 miles of driving (to say nothing of the time during which Mrs. P. V., who rejoices in the possession of a Hillman 14, presided at the wheel) is that it puts up such an admirable average without having to exert itself. What it will actually do flat out on the level I do not really know. Certainly something well over 60 m.p.h. I would swear to in the witness box; and that is not just "speedometer speed." On one journey which involves quite a lot of hills and traffic, to say nothing of incidental stops, we contrived to average 40 m.p.h. and a bit, and not once on that occasion did anybody inside the car suggest that I was going rather quick.

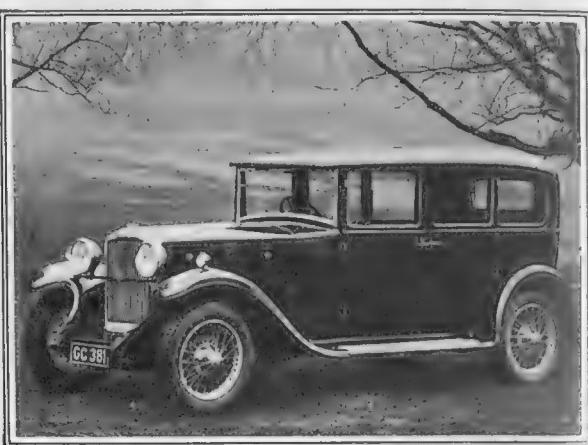
I shall not say that the power unit of the Straight-Eight Hillman is dead-quiet at all speeds. But this I will most definitely affirm that, in spite of its low rating—it involves a tax of only £20, and in capacity is a little over 2½ litres—it is never at all aggressive throughout the whole range of its remarkable performance.

With its power disposed of in so many small parcels it is only natural that its top-gear ability should be out of the ordinary, as indeed it is. But back of that sweet-running engine is a four-speed box with a sweet and easy right-hand change. This you can use with advantage when the ultra-sports affair hogs past you and you conceive it your duty, not without justification, to show him that speed and noise do not necessarily go together. Put your foot firmly down upon the throttle pedal and this Hillman Eight unit will hum to your heart's content. It is a pleasant hum, entirely free from clatter and from throatiness. It struck me that no matter how hard I drove this willing engine—and I did drive it hard too—I could never get from it any signs of distress. A good deal of its rectitude in behaviour comes from its excellent cooling system. Automatically operated radiator shutters ensure that it is always at a good working temperature.

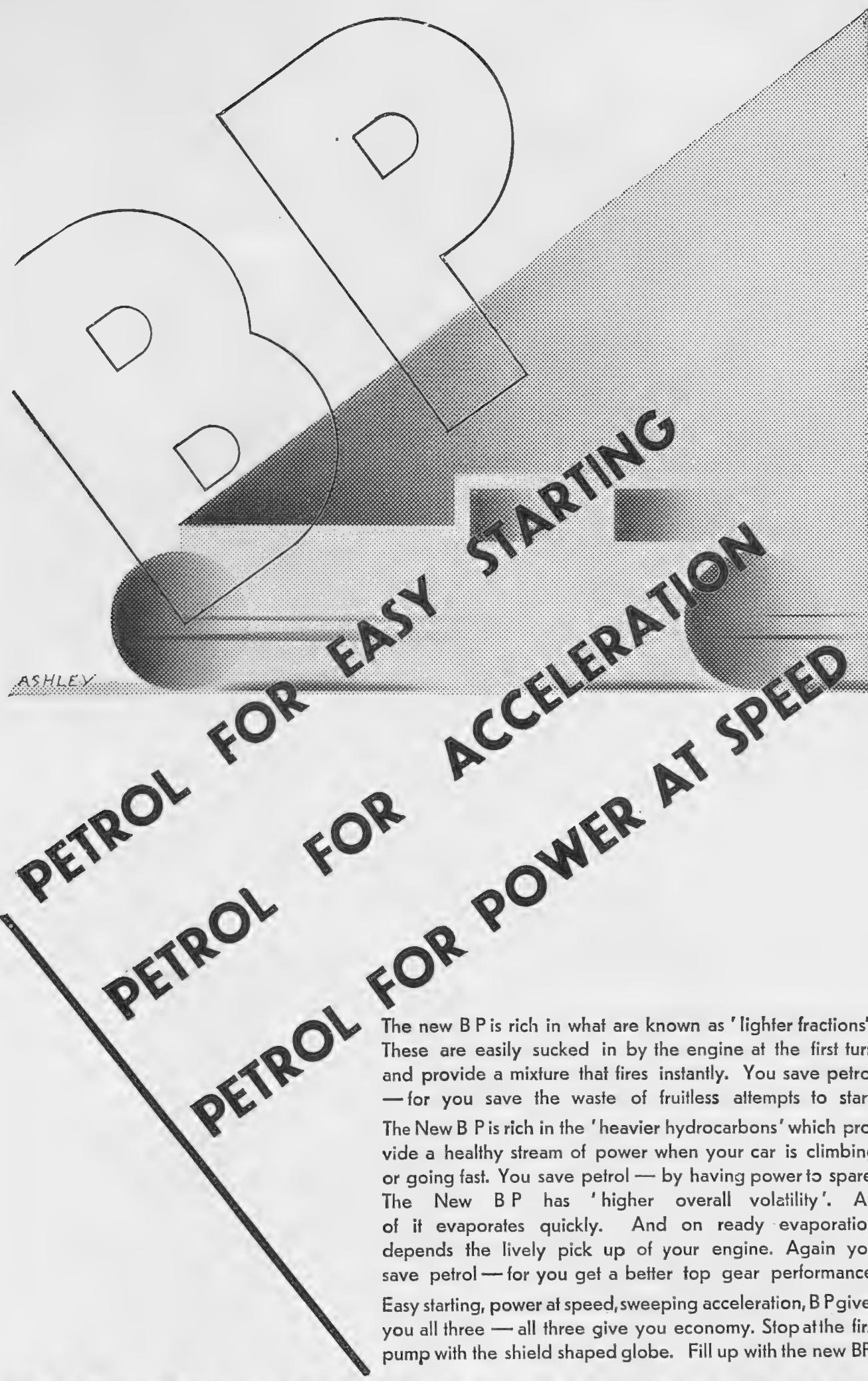
The model I had the pleasure of trying was the safety saloon, which differs from the standard type in having wire wheels and vacuum-servo brakes. These last were quite faultless. Once on a wet road, when a suicidal cyclist, head down, came flourishing out of a by-lane, I had to tread on them very hard. If the car had skidded I could have found every excuse for it, for nine cars out of ten would have skidded in those circumstances. But the Hillman sort of said to itself, "My boss wants me to stop. So I will . . . just . . . stop." And it did so without the smallest sign of skid or tail-wag or any other of those unpleasant little excursions into wickedness that cars are apt to take.

Mrs. P. V. agrees with me that the Hillman Eight is the woman's car *par excellence*. The points she brings forward are that the front seats are really adjustable; that you can almost forget the need for gear-changing; that the clutch is so light that you can keep your foot on it for hours without fatigue; that the steering is so easy that you can go from lock to lock quite without effort even when the car is standing still; that the brakes will work at "the merest whisper" from your toe; that it is a real "good-looker" from every angle of vision; that it starts up readily in the morning in spite of the fact that instead of being put in the garage it was left out all night.

A curious fact. Just as I finished these notes there came to me two letters from abroad. Their writers both had Hillman Eights and both were delighted with them.



A HILLMAN STRAIGHT-EIGHT SAFETY SALOON
Photographed on Wimbledon Common. The new reduced
price of the car is £445



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Same price as petrol



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Motor Notes and News

A n armoured car with a number of new and important features is being constructed by Crossley Motors, Ltd., Gorton, Manchester. It is hoped that it will be a forerunner of other orders from the Government, which may lead to increased employment in the city. The car has a six-wheeled chassis with a large six-cylinder engine. It carries two machine-guns, one of which is fitted into a revolving tower on the roof of the car, which also carries wireless apparatus. The walls of the car are fitted with sliding panels through which rifles may be fired. Another car just completed by this firm was for troop carriers on six-wheeled chassis, and capable of travelling at high speeds over very rough country. These are lightly armoured, and are designed to carry a machine-gun which can be used either against air or ground attack.

A revised edition of the Dunlop touring maps have just been published by Ed. J. Burrow and Co. These maps cover the whole of Britain in twenty-six sections on a scale of twelve miles to an inch. There are in addition two-miles-to-an-inch detailed maps of the English Lakes and North Wales, a Ministry of Transport map of every main road with its number, and a key to the various sections. The maps, priced at 3s., are bound in semi-stiff covers, and are suitable for slipping into the car pocket.



THE NEW WOLSELEY VIPER SIX-CYLINDER

A batch of cars ready for despatch to dealers. Several hundred cars were sent out within a few hours of the announcement of the new model

The Austin Seven has won so many enthusiastic friends all over the world that the manufacturers have received innumerable requests for details of its performances. Just as horse-racing "fans" like to be able to discuss the form and performances of their favourites, so the "followers" of the "baby" want to know all there is to be known about its remarkable career. The manufacturers have therefore published a "Record of Achievement." To such as these this booklet is especially dedicated, and others will no doubt find much to interest them in a publication that is—as its title implies—a record of achievement. There is a thrill to be found in the barest narration of facts concerning grim fights and gallant victories, and it is to be hoped that no reader will put down this little volume without having been at least momentarily interested.

First is a word which is fast becoming synonymous with K.L.G. plugs. Captain Barnard's Puss Moth, actuated by Arens' safety flying controls, used in his recently completed flight to Tangiers (which constituted the first non-stop solo flight to the African continent), was fitted with K.L.G. plugs. The first direct flight across the Atlantic; the first flight from England to Australia; the first dirigible flight from England to New York and back; the first flight from England to the Cape; the first flight from England to India and back; the first flight from England to the Cape and back; the first flight from England to Australia and back; the first formation flight from Cairo-Cape Town-England; the first lone flight to Australia; the first passenger and mail flight to India and back; and the first non-stop flight to India were all made, without exception, on K.L.G. plugs. It is thus obvious that intending aviators on any first flights should fit the plugs that have proved by their performance—not promise—to be supreme.

Messrs. S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories), Ltd., announce that the demand for their aviation accessories has grown to such an extent that it has become necessary to form a separate organization. They have therefore created Smith's Aircraft Instruments, with headquarters at 185, Great Portland Street, W.1, where all the various instruments which they manufacture may be seen in pleasant surroundings in their new luxurious showrooms on the first floor at Speedometer House. The instruments include air, speed, and revolution indicators, altimeters, thermometers, oil- and air-pressure gauges, clocks, oil centrifugers, and coolers, while they are sole agents for the famous Husun compasses and other air navigation instruments manufactured by Messrs. Hughes and Son, Ltd.

ROLLS-ROYCE

ANNOUNCEMENT

The prices of Rolls-Royce chassis remain unaltered
40/50 H.P. PHANTOM II CHASSIS £1900 20/25 H.P. CHASSIS £1185

These chassis are so superior to all previous Rolls-Royce designs, and their reception by discriminating purchasers has been so remarkable, that their characteristic features are unchanged.

A number of minor modifications have, during the current year, been introduced into both chassis in accordance with the usual Rolls-Royce practice. These give

greater refinement and still further improved performance.

The 20/25 h.p. chassis is now available with longer wheel base and body frame, together with increased rake to steering column and larger steering wheel.

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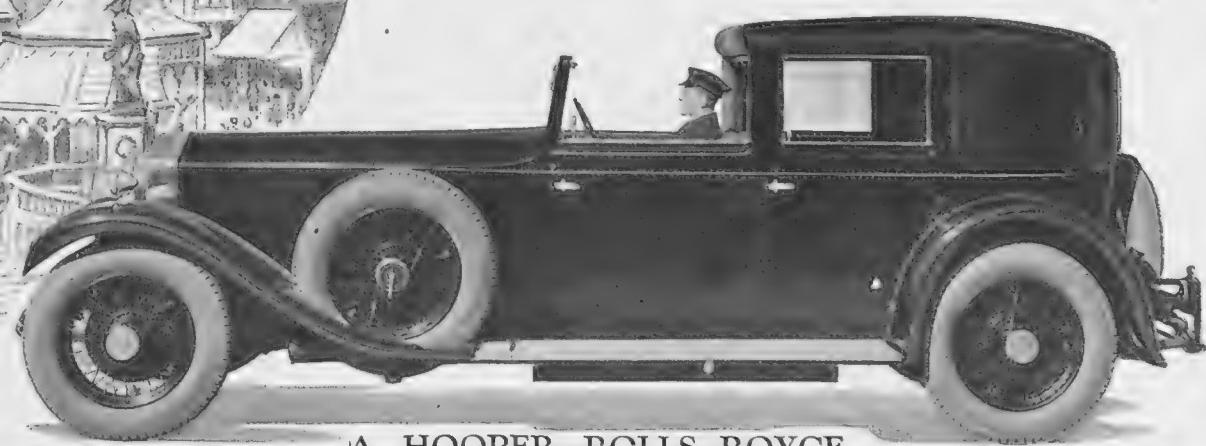
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By Appointment to:
 H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN. H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £12 to help a poor father and his family. He has developed cancer of the tongue and has been discharged from hospital with only a year or so to live. His patience and gentleness are extraordinary, for his sufferings are often very acute. He has a devoted wife who bravely carries on in spite of the tragedy, and looks after their eight children, whose ages range from Thomas and Mary, who are just beginning to work, down to the baby aged three. In spite of great poverty their little home is neat and clean while the children are evidently well cared for. The public authorities give a small allowance, augmented by the wages of the two elder children, but times are hard and they cannot get sufficient good food. The father too is on a diet and can take only liquid food, so the dairy's bill is a great drain on the family income. We want to collect sufficient to give them an allowance of 5s. weekly during the father's lifetime, for in this way he can be sure of the necessary care. Please help!

* * *

"Come unto these yellow sands" was once Ariel's famous invitation. So, without undue insistence on the colour, might Estoril, that little known jewel of the Portuguese Riviera, sing to the world of Society which delights to change the fog-beclouded sky and the chill and damp of our inclement winter for the pure air, the blue sky, and the sun-warmed atmosphere of more-favoured lands. In the first place, it is ideally situated on what has been truly called "The Sun Coast." Perched on raised ground above the bay, with a south-west exposure, the Gulf Stream influencing its temperature so that sea-bathing can be enjoyed all the year round, the Cintra mountains sheltering it from the northern mists, the climate, at once bracing and soothing, is practically perfect, as the official statistics gathered by Dr. D. G. Delgado of the Academy of Science of



A VIEW OF ESTORIL

Lisbon have proved. Only fifteen miles from Lisbon, which communicates by an excellent motor road, or by electric railway in about half an hour, Estoril is easily reached by fine steamships from Southampton, or by the Sud-Express via Paris, either method ensuring perfect comfort.

* * *

On Thursday, September 18, the Victoria Palace will again fall into line with other West End theatres by reverting to once-nightly performances. The production which is to bring about the change will be *The Victoria Vanities*, which will open on this date. It is to be presented by Mr. Jack Taylor, and will be staged on a most lavish scale. Mr. Taylor is well known in the provinces, where for years he has successfully toured revues, but this is his first London venture. He is investing £16,000 in it. *The Victoria Vanities* will, like its predecessor, *De La Folie Pure*, have an international cast. It will include a troupe of Albertina Rasch Girls, the famous American acrobatic ballet dancers, each of whom earns a salary of over £1,000 a year; Jimmy James, the popular North Country comedian; Mitty and Tillio, the famous French "Dancers in Adagio"; Lauri Devine, the dancer who made a big hit in C. B. Cochran's *Wake Up and Dream* at the London Pavilion; Chick Farr, Pansy and Vashti Taylor, Xenia and Aston, and Gaby Revette.

* * *

A new comedian, who is known as the Irish Dan Lebo, Jimmy O'Dea, makes his West End debut at the Coliseum this week in the same programme as José Collins, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Billy Bennett, and other star performers. He is to play the title-part—a whimsical Irish emigrant—in a series of comedy incidents entitled *Micky Breaks Into America*. There are six other characters in the piece, the scene of which is Ellis Island. Jimmy O'Dea is also known as the Idol of Dublin, and according to results he is certainly Ireland's most popular comedian, for he plays to packed houses everywhere in the Emerald Isle. He is a little dark-haired man with a rich Dublin brogue. José Collins and Billy Bennett are returning with new songs. Miss Neilson-Terry remains for another week in her French Revolution playlet, *The Interlude of War*. Other attractions are the piano virtuoso, Herschel Henlere; the ventriloquist, Johnson Clark; the Gaudsmith Brothers, comedians; Bonnell and Bay, in a musical and dancing novelty; and Jessie Ruddock's troupe of dancing girls.

* * *

In our "Petrol Vapour" article in our issue of September 10 we referred to the Singer Six as the "Single Six." This was, of course, quite erroneous and was a printer's mistake. Later on in the article we named the car correctly.



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Topics of Varied Interest

As the Evenings Lengthen.

As the evenings lengthen the thoughts of all women are focussed on the best means of increasing the charm of their rooms. Nell Gwynn candles are in themselves lovely things. Their slim, elegant shape and wonderful colours make them an essential ornament in any home, either on the mantelpiece, on the table, or in the bedroom on the dressing-table. When burning on the dining-table the beauty and colour of these candles gives the final touch to the decorative scheme, while the light is kind, soft, and mellow. It gleams on the silver and sparkles in the glassware. Many important hostesses, including the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, recognize this, and light their dining-tables by candle-light.

What Every Woman Wants.

There is no shadow of doubt that what every woman wants is a Henry Heath's (109, Oxford Street, W.) hat; therefore it is capital news that the Bon Marche of Liverpool have devoted a section of their showrooms to headgear sponsored by this firm. They are just right for in-and-out-of-town wear; the commands of Fashion have received the utmost consideration.

The Call of the Pyramids.

All who have read or seen Hichen's "Belladonna," and many who have not, have longed to visit Egypt, the Pyramids, and the Nile. The Egypt Travel Bureau, 60, Regent Street, W., are arranging luxurious



These Nell Gwynn candles are decorative and graceful. They shed a soft and mellow light which increases the charm of every room

tours from November 1 to January 15; for twenty-eight days the cost is £73 10s., and for thirty-five days £82 10s. This includes first-class sea passage, railway travel, meals in restaurant cars or Pullman saloons, single compartment *wagon lits*, and residence at the hotels. Among the places of interest that will be visited are Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Venice, Trieste, Port Said, Cairo, Luxor, Assuan.

At the National Radio Exhibition.

The Ever-Ready Co. (Great Britain), Ltd., of Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N. 7, has an interesting exhibit at the National Radio Exhibition, Olympia. Here is displayed a comprehensive range of the renowned Ever-Ready high-tension and low-tension batteries adequate to meet the demands of all phases of wireless service. Another attractive feature of the Ever-Ready exhibit is a selection of torches and cycle lamps. A film is constantly being shown at this stand.

Novel Fashion Displays.

A note must be made of the fact that Jaeger's have arranged decidedly interesting fashion displays for September 22 and 23; they will take place at Jaeger House, Oxford Street, at 8.30 in the evening. Admission is by invitation only, and this firm will be pleased to send the necessary card to any reader of THE TATLER who applies for the same. The Hon. Pamela Boscawen will introduce a discussion on fashion in general, showing the important position it occupies all over the world, and that it is not merely a frivolous subject.



from the bandstand, but away from the noise and turmoil of the streets. Tennis, hard and grass courts. Croquet, etc. free to visitors. Special en pension terms from 1st October to Easter, from £5.5.0 inclusive of baths. Artistic Illustrated Brochure on application. *Hydro Hotel, Eastbourne, Limited.*

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slightest trace on the skin and without causing irritation. Compared with powders and pastes it is cleaner, easier to use and more rapid in action.

No. 2 Water is used on the skin after the superfluous hair has been removed by No. 1. It is applied for the sole purpose of REACHING the ROOTS already laid bare by No. 1, and to DESTROY these ROOTS, thus PREVENTING NEW GROWTH. After the application of No. 2 Water the skin appears wonderfully clear and velvety.

★ Truly astounding in action, the "Gypsia" Treatment is guaranteed perfectly harmless—in fact, owing to its astringent properties it softens and beautifies the skin—it produces no redness or irritation whatever.

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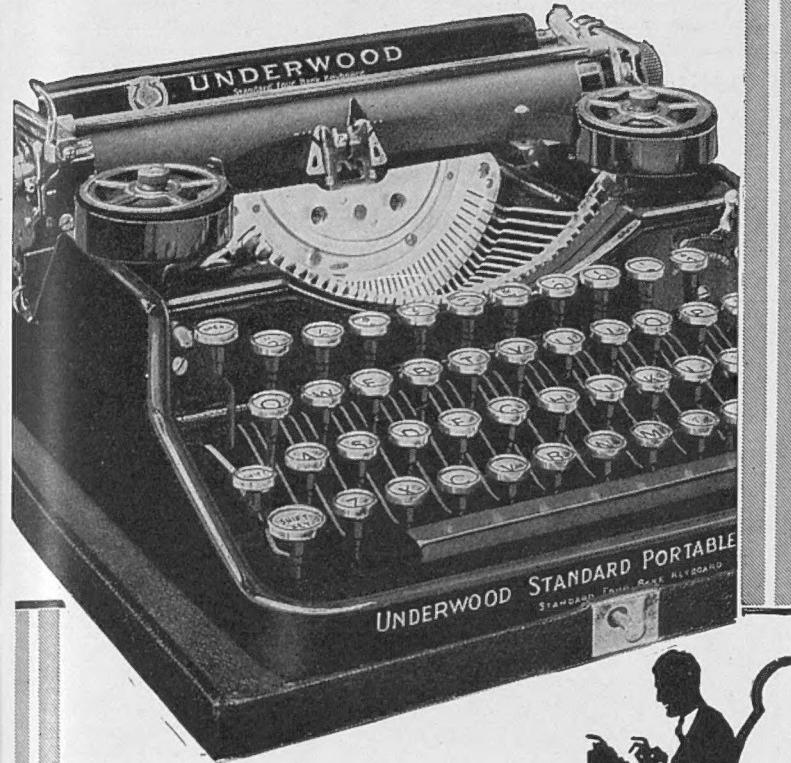
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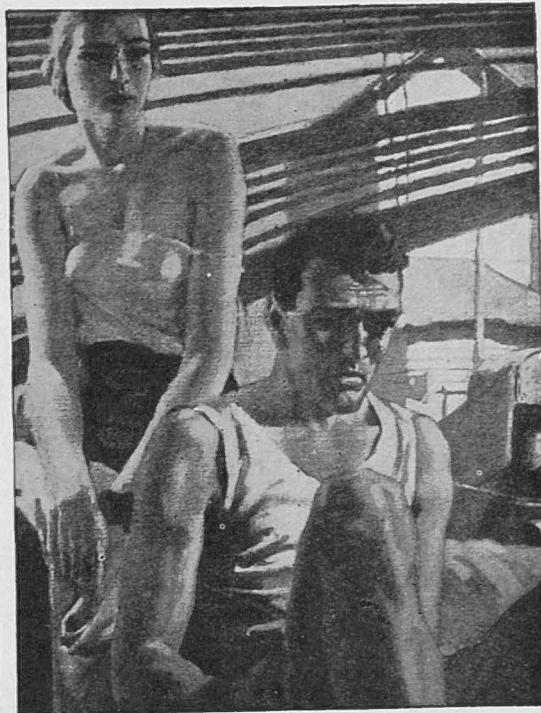
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Duggie: "I have no personal knowledge of the incident, Sir Edward. May I enquire what happened?"

Sir Edward: "I sent a telegram investing £50 each way on 'Blenheim' and foolishly omitted to sign it. Your Manager rang up my secretary to know whether it was my telegram as it was handed in at Selsey, and he was therefore fortunately able to confirm it before the race. You must have a wonderful staff; had it not been for their efficiency, I should have missed winning £1,125."

Duggie: "Your praise is very gratifying to me, Sir Edward, because one of my principal objects is to avoid any misunderstanding. Yours is only an everyday incident. It's surprising how careless some people can be in writing wires."

Sir Edward: "Then all I have to say, Stuart, is that your clients are extremely fortunate. By the way, Stuart, what about the 'Tote'?"

Duggie: "Same terms, Sir Edward, 'No limit,' 'Tote,' or S.P."

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